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FEBRUARY, 1870.



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## PROTAGORAS AND THE POSITIVISTS.

M.

mple-

the same time it is justly overridden by the opinion of the majority of mankind, which is the supreme standard of all questions of fact, principle, or moral precept. So long as the mass of men believed that the sun went round the earth, so long was the Ptolemaic system in the right: or, if we shrink from offering so rude an insult to modern astronomy as such an assertion would involve, it is only because we believe that, had Copernicus presented his arguments fairly before mankind at any given period previous to their actual adoption, they would have been ratified by the approval of the majority. This contingent decision of the *vox populi* is the only title on which the heavenly phenomena, as observed and calculated at present, can claim any actuality of more than four hundred years' standing. If the question as to the existence of luminiferous ether were put up to-morrow to be solved by universal suffrage, and the plurality of voices, after an enlightened and impartial survey, pronounced it to be the veriest myth and fabrication, luminiferous ether, by the force of that decision of the human race, independent of any merits or demerits of its own, would be excluded from the list of things that be. When an infant tosses up its ball, it is only gravitation and the resistance of opposing substances that prevent the ball from rising to an infinite height in due course of time. Every educated man accepts this truth, and by this very acceptance altogether establishes it as a truth for himself, while he contributes his quota towards establishing it for the world at large. It is not from any peculiarity of the ball, or the air, or the earth, considered as things in themselves, that the fact assumes its character; it is merely from the uniformity of men's prepared conceptions and ratiocinations bearing thereupon. If mankind were to be surprised by another deluge, and the little band of survivors, being well apprised of what they were doing, voted the laws of motion null and void, those laws would there and then fall into abeyance; and so long as succeeding generations wittingly and sincerely refused them credence, they would remain as visionary and unreal as are now the crystal spheres of Aristotle, or the vortices of Descartes.

We can easily fancy an arithmetician under excitement putting down "eight and four are eleven;" he is, strictly speaking, right in the act of doing so, and right again in the act of changing the sum of the two numbers into twelve: but because he, and others that make use of figures, are on the whole in favour of twelve as the one real amount, we conventionally term the former addition mistaken and untrue. But suppose men habitually lived in the state in which a candidate undergoing an examination in mathematics too often finds himself for the time being, would not the tables of addition and multiplication, to say nothing of logarithms, need a thorough revision, to tally with the new state of the human mind? If this be the case, that a deterioration of intellect would lead to a modification of truth, are we sure that an improvement of our faculties would be consistent with truth's remaining the same? When an idiot pauper fancies himself the Viceroy of Egypt, we, in the pride of our superior intelligence, pity his delusion; is it certain that some more exalted being is not looking down with serene disdain upon us both, and recognising in the would-be Viceroy the Sultan of Constantinople? Or have we positive proof that the human understanding reaches to the very verge of all that is clear-sighted and unailing, so that there is no fear of any authority in the background better qualified to ratify truth than we are? If this is not ascertained—and how is its ascertainment possible?—the verdict of the majority of mankind is worth little more than the protest which an eccentric individual may register to the contrary. In other words, to understand by "man" being "the measure of all things," that the decision of the majority of capable and enlightened men gives to truth its reality, and to falsehood its hollowness, is an interpretation halt in both limbs, for it rests on two assumptions unwarrantable in a Protagorean: first, that there are capable and enlightened men; secondly, that these men can be determined. Surely, we are not to submit to a majority because it counts more hands; such an extension of mob law into the domain of intellect a thoughtful mind can hardly contemplate. Or are we to submit, because

the greater number is more likely to contain some one who understands the question, that is to say, some one able to talk over any opponent that hears him fairly? Then the doubt above started makes itself felt—would the conviction so engrained stand washing? Would it fade before no flood of human argument, past, present, or to come? Suppose it would not, is it therefore ineffaceable? Let us array this difficulty in another dress.

Mr. Jones is in the calm enjoyment of truth on a very low level of intellect. Mr. Smith establishes himself up above, in a position neither truer nor falser than that of Mr. Jones. But he takes advantage of his superiority to roll down stones on his neighbour underneath, who at last, finding his position no longer tenable, comes up and joins Mr. Smith. But to his dismay there is Robinson higher up, playing the same game with them both that Smith had played upon him; and beyond Robinson there looms in the dim distance the figure of Brown.

ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλοιο, Πύλος γὰρ μὲν ἔστι καὶ ἄλλη.

The problem is to discover Jones' next move. If he is wise, he will first repent heartily of having quitted the abyss where he originally abode; then he and Smith will swear to stand by one another, and hold their own against all the boulders that Robinson, Brown, and whoever else dwells beyond, may send crashing in upon them. Otherwise they will find themselves in a footsore procession the most footsore, climbing, climbing for ever up the summitless hill of inquiry, having no assurance that some loftier intelligence than their own may not still upset their latest gained convictions. What motive have they for ascending, when their final position will be neither truer nor less assailable than their starting point? Oh, if truth were a light burning aloft, as independent of Jones, Smith, or Brown, as is the sunbeam of the mirror in which it is reflected, then might it be worth while to clamber for a lifetime up the steep mountain side, thankful to any one who could guide us to a higher slope, where the light shone more brightly, and its source was less distant. But as it is, we are weary of this unprofitable fatigue, which

only ends in conforming us to the mind of a fellow-creature, not more truthful than ourselves, but more persuasive.

We fall back therefore upon the other interpretation of Protagoras' saying, more literal and less ambiguous. "Man" must be taken, not generally, but individually. and we understand that the measure of all things is not the majority, nor the more enlightened portion of mankind, but purely and simply that each individual is his own standard, with no tie upon him, not even the slightest, to submit to the judgment of his fellows, however much his superiors in force of intellect and number. On such an hypothesis, it might indeed be more convenient for the avoidance of disputes, to believe that the atmosphere is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen; but any one that pleases is warranted in regarding it, rightly and unimpeachably, as all constituted of one simple gas. The whole truth of the fact lies in the believer of it expecting that, if he burned some phosphorus in a jar of air, he would obtain a white vapour, a compound of phosphorus and oxygen, while there would be a residue of a gas distinguished for negative properties, and termed nitrogen. This composition of atmospheric air is not one simple fact or truth, it amounts to as many truths as it finds believers; if doubt supervenes on any mind, the multiplier of the truth is diminished by one. That sceptical individual does not expect that the movements indicated would yield him the sensations of oxygen and nitrogen, other men expect that those sensations would occur: both expectations are right by the very fact of their being entertained. Applying the same principle to æsthetics, we find an easy solution for the much-vexed questions of precedence among poets, painters, and artists in general. Homer is the prince of poets for readers who rank him such; for them he is not merely esteemed worthy of that high place, but actually does worthily fill it. The like pre-eminence falls to the lot of Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, or Corneille, according to their several admirers. The same with architecture and painting; away with all claims to an objective superiority; pointed arches are the thing for Goths, pedi-

ments and friezes for architects of a classical vein, brilliant delineation for those who love Raphael, clouds and sunlight for admirers of Turner. All are right, and their different views no more clash than the lines on a railroad. Or borrow an example from the field of historic truth. Boyle maintains that Phalaris wrote the epistles which are set down to that despot's pen: Bentley demurs with a flat contradiction. How to arbitrate between them? Nothing simpler. Bentley is right and Boyle is right; Bentley for Bentley and Bentleians, Boyle for Boyle and believers in Boyle. The amicable settlement which religious differences would thus receive, is at once so obvious and so subversive of all religion, that we forbear to rehearse it.

One objection however bars this method of arbitration; and it is an objection that deserves to be quoted, since the answer will lay bare startling consequences. It is not the vulgar sneer, that, if Boyle venerates himself as a second Solomon, while Bentley dubs him an ass in human clothing, these cannot be two faithful likenesses of one and the same Hon. Robert Boyle. The plain retort is, that there are two Boyles, Bentley's Boyle, and Boyle's own, each personage perfect in his kind and true—one dunce and one Solomon. But the difficulty assumes a more serious aspect, when we imagine Phalaris himself starting from his grave, crumbling in the corruption of two thousand years, and making oath before the astonished Bentley that the afore-said letters were his, the design of his brain, and the execution of his hand. Supposing the Master of Trinity retracting, as possibly he might have retracted in presence of such a witness, the opinions expressed in his celebrated dissertation: the question arises, whether Bentley, or any other man that reverses his own sentence, can possibly be an infallible judge even in the court of self-opinion. The only apparent means of saving his infallibility is to snap the chain of personal identity; to set up Bentley *then* in antagonism to Bentley *now*, and proclaim that the dispute lies between two distinct individuals. In that case they have the same power of mutual contradiction within the bounds of a common truth, as is possessed by two men from opposite ends of the earth. Their diverse statements

may be said not so much to come in collision, as to overlap each other. They are like an upper and a lower current in a river; the river at that place does not interfere with its own course, since it supplies different waters for the two streams. But this accommodation, such as it is, has been bought by a costly concession. Once let "man" be resolved into relays of individuals, succeeding each other more swiftly than the changing hues of the rainbow, or the sparks from an electric coil; once let him degenerate into a series of conscious states, with no other connection between them than that of the organism in which they are produced, one passing into another with the speed of thought: and farewell to memory and foresight, to repentance and amendment; farewell to all tenses of the verb but the present, and to every noun that wears not the instantaneous prefix *this*. What, though my conscience reproaches me with murder, robbery, and lust? *I* wrought not those enormities, for I was not then in being; I merely feel now as if I were their author, an inevitable uneasiness of the moment, as innocent as a toothache. My friends tell me my vicious courses are hurrying me to ruin; the apprehension haunts me in spite of myself: but looking the matter in the face, why need I take thought for a future which I shall never see? I am, I live, of that I am vividly sure: but speak to me of the past or the future, I answer that my knowledge, as my being, is narrowed to the span of the present. "This," "this," is the beat of my life; with "that" I have no concern.

At the same time, the supposed distinction between man and brute is swept away. Brutes, so far as we can divine their feelings, seem locked up in the current instant. When the dog barks at the beggar who has before thrown stones at him, it is not that he realises the bye-gone fact, but simply that the occurrence has given a bent to his feelings, which now manifests itself, when occasion offers; much as a ball, hung on a weather-cock, would veer with the motions of the vane, without in the least indicating who hung it there. But man was wont to claim the privilege of knowing things "before him and behind him;" of watching not only the phenomena around him, but even those that



have floated far down the stream of time, or are yet nearing him from above, borne on the bosom of the murky future. Claims like these he must be content to forego, if he is to be the measure of Being and Not-Being, for how is he to measure doings whereat he is not, was not, nor shall be present? He may say, if he please, "The face before me is that of the mother of whom I was born so many years ago;" but the only meaning that can be attached to his words is, that he has a certain ocular impression with which sundry ideas are associated, true as facts of consciousness, else "the baseless fabric of a vision."

We see here the Protagorean theory driven into its last stronghold, sheer egotism, the impregnable refuge of the absolute sceptic. Such a person's policy is to doubt about everything in order that he may at no point stand open to conviction; he is however quite safe in accepting his feelings of the moment as feelings, provided he puts no other construction upon them. So long as he refuses to take a feeling of certainty as pointing to more than a subjective phenomenon, he will never embrace truth, he will never make a proposition, he will never do more than feel. And here we have Protagoras' hand and seal for what we have said. "Knowledge is feeling," is the worthy *δέυτερον αὐτίς* of him whose first principle was, "Man is the measure of all things."

Is it without reason that in this busy nineteenth century, this seething age of intellect as well as of mechanical enterprise, we have been retracing the obliterated footprints of a Greekling out of date, a man who took arteries for air-vessels and water for a simple element, who knew not the face of a locomotive, nor the meaning of the word telegram? We hope that it has not been without reason. Were Protagoras' views as obsolete at the present day as those of Thales, they would at least be no less worthy of remembrance than Chapter the First of English History, Cæsar's Invasion of Britain, a chapter which enters the minds of all students, there to find itself sometimes in very select company. But the accents of the bye-gone Greekling still echo from the mouths of men of the



time—Positivists they call themselves—thinkers of the stamp of John Stuart Mill, Alexander Bain, and Thomas Huxley, who have flashed like meteors across the horizon of British speculation, attracting the eyes, and pointed at by the finger of admiring thousands. That French oddity, who gave Positivism its title and its modern standing, actually quoted Protagoras as his earliest philosophical ancestor. And that the spirit of the Abderite still breathes in his clan, may be seen by reference to a writer, who, intentionally or not, has lent a kindly hand to the theories that impaired the reason, and wore out the life, of Auguste Comte. The writer we speak of is Professor Bain. He describes belief, in its simplest form, as the expectation of a contingent future ready to follow an action.\* Thus belief in aught outside ourselves amounts to nothing more than the expectation that certain movements, if made, would cause in us certain sensations.† We have, for instance, the optical feeling of lustre. We shut our eyes, the feeling ceases. We open them again, put out the hand, close the fingers, and experience a tactile sensation of smoothness. We relax our hold, and the smooth feeling is gone. Our repeated similar experience is tied up in a bundle by means of association, and labelled *wineglass*. Wineglass therefore means such and such sensations, varying so and so in consequence of certain motions. Whether beyond these sensations there lies an object, independent of human apprehension, is more than we can pronounce. The all to us is our own consciousness, and all measured by and coextensive with ourselves. There may be more besides, but it is more than we can know, more than we can speak of, more than we can own to be. Nothing but human consciousness can be implied by human language. Whatever may lie out of this sphere we can call by no other name than the Non-Existent. Man therefore is the measure of all things, of the being of things that are, of the non-existence of things that are not.

Lest we should be suspected of caricaturing an eminent

\* *The Emotions and the Will*, p. 525. Second Edition.

† *The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 382. Second Edition.

living author, in order to work out a philosophical parallel, we are bound to point out that Professor Bain stands with dignity above the absurdities which are the ultimate issue of Protagorism. Thus he seems to admit that man is not infallible; for the tone of his works implies that not only individuals, but a large portion of society have been and are mistaken on most momentous questions of philosophy—among others, the criterion of right and wrong. He would hardly combat so vigorously the opinion of Dr. Whewell on that point, if he thought his antagonist's judgment perfectly just, yet in the very heat of the strife Professor Bain pens the following:—*There neither is nor can be any universal standard of truths, or matters which ought to be believed. Every man is a standard to himself.*\* Surely we might have expected the writer of this sentence to rest satisfied with being a standard to himself, instead of seeking to be at the same time a standard to Dr. Whewell. His reason for thus tampering with what was not his own, cannot have been the falsity, strictly speaking, of the opinion which he sought to change, since there is no test of matters that ought to be believed: he can but have acted under a personal impression, that the learned Doctor might be made to shift his ground under stress of argument. Our fable of Jones and Smith here finds its exemplification. Why should Jones mount up to Smith, when Smith's position is neither better nor worse than his? Why should Smith join Robinson, or Robinson Brown, or Brown his nameless overling, when together they form an interminable series of mean proportionals? Besides, the supposed nature of truth is but inadequately expressed by the illustration. There Smith sat on a higher level than Jones, and Robinson above Smith. But when one conviction supplants another in the mind, who can say whether the new tenet has set its holder higher or lower in the intellectual world?

We speak of "the vagaries of Comte's later years:" are we sure that they were not flights of genius, soaring into a region of unexplored sublimity, a region cloud-enwrapped, yet above the clouds, that hide it from our

\* *The Emotions and the Will*, p. 265.

grovelling gaze? What in short are vagaries, as distinguished from genuinely scientific speculations? They are processes, which the person, who calls them vagaries, thinks that their performer would abandon on realising certain obvious considerations. That abandonment would be owing not to the merits of the subject-matter, formal or material, for the subject-matter is in all cases as it appears to the mind, but to the fascinating influence exerted upon the thinker by a reasoner superior to himself. Now we ask, why should a truth which fascinates be preferred to a truth which does not? Why is it unseemly to close one's ears to the spell—especially since we cannot be assured that the truth, of which we are already in possession, would not, if rightly explained, prove the more fascinating of the two; or that a third truth, more fascinating than either, might not outcharm them both? So long as correct opinions amount to no more than indelible mental impressions; or, to translate the phrase into language more intelligible and more redolent of genuine Positivism, so long as preferable views are twinges of nerve and muscle, taking place alike under all circumstances, it is idle to regard truth as either one, or attainable, or precious. For, to say nothing of truth coinciding with each instantaneous state of every mind, and therefore multiplying itself, not by men merely, but by men and moments together, suppose we take the truth *par excellence*, as stated by the looser Protagoreans, who identify it with the view which would commend itself to every mind that contemplated its foundations: how many different views answering to this description might be obtained by varying the elevation of those estimating minds? By first levelling all up to the common sense mind of Dr. Johnson, of intellectual capacity, say 500°, we should obtain truth  $x$ ; then, by raising them to the genius of Newton, intellectual capacity 800°, we should have truth  $y$ ; and depressing them to the modest powers of Crusoe's man, Friday, intellectual capacity 30°, truth  $z$ .

It may be replied, that the well-informed and maturely weighed judgment of the highest human intellect that

ever has been or shall be, is the one standard to which all should aspire. One that standard certainly would be ; but if the cleverest of men had died in his cradle, would not the nearest rival to him have set up his cap, and bade his fellows, with equal justice, do homage to that one representative of superior truth ? How then shall truth be one and immoveable, when it is ready to descend or ascend to any degree of the intellectual scale that happens to be the highest actually reached by man ? How, again, are we to know the name of the cleverest of our race ? Is it Aristotle, or Pascal, or Confucius, or a being yet lost in nameless nothing ? And if we could call this gifted being by name from the mighty deep, would he answer to our calling, and scatter the darkness of our ignorance with a ray from his intellectual lamp ? We think the most enterprising of spiritualists, even the great Daniel Home himself, could hardly ensure us this favour. Or imagine the favour granted, and that we stand illumined with a brilliancy of 1000 intellectual degrees, the most dazzling light attainable by existing humanity ; how do we ascertain that the splendours, wherewith we are environed, could not possibly be increased ? Our vision has this peculiarity, that the more we see, the more we feel that there is yet to be seen. Undoubtedly 1000 degrees would suggest 1100°, 1200°, 2000° ; and might there not be as much difference between 2000° and 1000° in respect of the judgments formed under them, as between 1000° and 30° ? To drop the metaphor, might there not arise a mind as superior to Aristotle's as Aristotle's is to Friday's ? If so, why seek out the opinion of the philosopher in preference to the opinion of the savage, seeing that, while both are right, neither opinion is more than the subjective impression of an intelligence infinitely removed from perfection ?

It appears therefore that Positivists, or Protagoreans, by admitting that man is fallible, in the sense that he may hold tenets from one point of view, which he would not hold from another, fall into the inconveniences of setting up the most enlightened member of society, an unknown being, as a landmark for his fellows to steer by—though

anyhow they cannot steer wrong : whilst if these same philosophers had the hardihood to avow that no human being was ever in any sense mistaken, in that case the necessary sacrifice of self-identity would involve their taking refuge in scepticism, the unapproachable citadel and sunless home of "Man the measure of all things."

J. R.

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**The Child and the flower.**

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"IN Nature tell me, child,  
Which is the sweetest flower?"—  
"I deem that flower to be  
Of best and sweetest power

Which hides its purple, father,  
Beneath a leafy shade,  
Along the path of children,  
In spring, in forest glade.

Its perfume on the gale  
Is wafted here and there ;  
The gladdened passer-by  
To find it knows not where.

Of all God's holy gifts,  
Humility in all  
Best cures with saintly odour  
Of sinful pride the gall.

The lowliest heavenly flower  
Which God has ever blessed ;  
Of Virgin Mother's heart  
The sweetest and the best !

It is the little flower  
To Angels only known ;  
Oh, may that virtue, father,  
For ever be my own !"

## Madame de Miramion.

### PART THE THIRD.

THE Carmelite refuge which so frequently presented itself as a haven to Madame de Miramion's mind still closed its doors to her wishes. "Mother Agnes" de Bellfond, the celebrated Carmelite Prioress—of whom Bossuet so often speaks—Mother Eugénie of the Visitation, the Abbé Festel, and St. Vincent de Paul, together with the President Lamoignon, who was often consulted almost as a director of souls, joined in assuring Marie that her place was in the world, that she could do more good living as she did than as a nun, and were courageous enough to say that her "keen, discerning, and capable mind should not be hidden in the cloister." Marie was too docile and genuinely humble to persist in any plan of her own against such advice, and she once more patiently returned to her life of laborious charity, the first act of which was to give a home to twenty-eight poor nuns from Picardy, turned out of their convents by the outrages of the Fronde wars, and whom she housed and fed and served with her own hands. Her next undertaking had a wider scope, and was on a larger scale. The immense development of religion in the East, initiated by the wonderful life and conversions of St. Francis Xavier, had created the necessity for Eastern Bishops, who might establish there seminaries and a native Clergy, in order to provide for the welfare of the people without depending on precarious supplies from other countries. The Jesuits had already proposed the plan to the Pope, but it had not been favourably received. Then the Abbé Pallu, Madame de Miramion's old friend and adviser, and several other French Priests, stepped forward, and offered themselves to the Pope as missionaries for India and Japan. The Pope was so delighted with their self-sacrifice that he made the Abbé Pallu a Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar-Apostolic, and two of his companions Vicars-Apostolic for the East. One of them, M. de Lamothe Lambert, was an old friend of Madame de Miramion, and she defrayed all the expenses of his consecration, which took place at the Visitation Convent, and was witnessed by the chief magistrates and lawyers of Paris

and a large assembly of great people. The three new Bishops and a number of Clergy then availed themselves of Madame de Miramion's generous offer, and spent a year and a half at her house, La Couarde, about thirty miles from Paris, where the whole assembly lived at her expense, and they were left in perfect liberty to arrange their future plans. Having done this, the whole band of missionaries started from La Couarde in 1660, and, after many disasters and difficulties, two of the Prelates and their Clergy safely arrived in Siam. The sacrifice of the third member of the band was already completed, and, worn out with the long and fatiguing journey, M. Cotolandi died on reaching India. When rejoicing over the rise and rapid spread of the Eastern missions, and the marvels of heroism succeeding their foundation, it must never be forgotten that Marie de Miramion had a share in that great work of the propagation of the faith.

No sooner was this expedition started than her mind returned to her own country and the wants of her own people, for although capable of the largest and most extended plans for good, Marie's thoroughly womanly character chiefly revelled in home duties, and the woes and needs of her own neighbours. But this time in a fresh direction. The poor abandoned women and girls of Paris had become so numerous and so utterly lawless since the civil wars that the as yet very insufficient police were in daily warfare with them, and often came off worst in the struggle. It was represented to Marie that all her efforts and expense for such outcasts as these would be labour in vain, but she resolved to make the attempt. A house was bought in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and seven or eight of the more penitent women were invited to live a new life in it, under the charge of two prudent and experienced matrons. Every day Marie went herself to talk to these poor women, to be kind to them, to speak to them of our Lord and His love, and to awaken in them the consciousness of sin. With that refinement of charity which is one of its highest forms, she specially avoided dressing her penitents in any ugly and repulsive uniform, or, as it were, badging them with their disgrace. They were clothed according to their state of life, well fed, and treated with gentleness and consideration. It is not surprising that the attempt was successful. Many inmates of this asylum became true penitents and were well placed in life; and as the incorrigible were handed over to the police, fresh arrivals filled up the ranks, and the greatest service was rendered to public morals. When some of her friends told Madame de Miramion that she was putting herself to great inconvenience for a number of thankless people, she replied—



"Ah! my dear, I have received many more graces from God than these poor things have had services from me."

Marie now began to find—as so many other good women have also discovered—that her labours fell short, or could not be maintained as she desired, for want of coadjutors of her own stamp and ideas. Many a time she had intended to open a house for some such fellow-labourers, but her child's education and marriage had prevented her from carrying this intention out. Now she resolved to begin it immediately, and she gave up to her brothers the house in the Rue St. Antoine and took a smaller one, into which she collected several pious young women, who took the name of the Holy Family. With these young women Marie ate and lived in common, and practised them and herself in learning how to bleed, blister, bandage, and perform other operations in nursing the sick. The very last work of St. Vincent de Paul was to approve the simple rules drawn up by the Abbé Festel for this house of humble labourers in the service of God. And almost immediately after him the Abbé Festel also died, and Marie was thus deprived at one blow of the twofold aid which had guided and strengthened her for many years. The Abbé Ferret was chosen in the Abbé Festel's place, but it is scarcely needful to say that no successor to St. Vincent de Paul could be found. That "no man is necessary to God" is, however, too well-grounded a maxim to require exemplifying, and the little community of servants of the poor, whose first title of the Holy Family was merged in that of St. Genevieve's Daughters, though called by the people of Paris *Miramines*,\* prospered and multiplied. Madame de Miramion endowed the foundation, under the sole stipulation that if, later on, circumstances should change its humble and simple character, or the inmates be cloistered, the whole endowment should be made over to the General Hospital of Paris. While the steady work of this little family went on, and they were pressing forward on the way of labour, humility, and cheerful self-denial—following, though at a distance, their noble and unwearied Mother—she was writhing, we may say, under hourly suffering, from fresh developments of her terrible disease. She could retain no nourishment, and her continual vomitings reduced her strength to the last degree. The most eminent doctors were called in, but afforded her no relief. Her ordinary medical man at last advised her to leave off eating meat, and his regimen somewhat relieved the evil, which, however, continued for sixteen years.

\* *Miramionnes*, a kind of pet name expressing their love for the foundress.



Marie's next trouble was that her refuge for penitent women did not prosper in her absence, and it was even strongly suggested to her to shut it up. In this extremity she resolved to appeal to the King and to certain influential ladies of her acquaintance, and a meeting was held to consider the matter. Just as the ladies had concluded that the undertaking was too great and exceptional to be carried on, Madame de Miramion came in, and in few words, as usual, but most loving and persuasive, urged the cause of these poor outcast women so powerfully that all hearts were gained; and when she laid down £400 as a beginning, the other ladies followed her example in offering their gifts and lending their names to the new foundation. Land was bought adjoining the old hospital of La Pitié, on which two separate blocks of buildings were raised: one for the women whom a wiser Government than those of the present day shut up by force, called the Refuge of La Pitié; the other for the truly penitent, whose house, under the patronage of St. Pelagia, is well known to those who still love to wander among the historical nooks and corners of the Faubourgs of Paris unknown to the fashionable world. The General Hospital of Paris took direction of the establishment, and this added another to the many indications of Madame de Miramion's greatness of soul and single-hearted desire to work for "God alone." She sowed her seed broadcast over His fields and vineyards, wherever she perceived a need or an opening for an extension of good works, but when she had borne all the burthen and heat of the day, and when the difficulties had been met and overcome and the harvest was ripening, she gave her sickle into other hands to reap the benefits, giving up as generously as she had given. This is one of the very rarest, as it is of the most perfect, acts of charity.

In 1670, one of those terrible famines which the long civil wars had almost made chronic in France so thronged Paris and submerged its hospitals with starving poor, that the great General Hospital, established by St. Vincent de Paul, became nearly bankrupt, and was on the point of shutting its gates.\* Madame de Miramion almost immediately came to the rescue, and by her zeal and energy she again aroused a number of those eminent women whose long chain forms one of the chief glories of the French annals, and their united subscriptions and diligent collections saved the Great Hospital from ruin.

After nursing Madame de Harlay, the President J. Lamoignon's

\* The General Hospital, which was one great Refuge, Infirmary, and Poor-house, consisted of St. Martha's, the Salpêtrière, the Bicêtre, and the Pitié.

daughter, in smallpox, and going to render the last services to the Princess de Conti, Madame de Miramion went to Mélnun, where a dreadful fever had succeeded on the crowding of the King's troops upon the inhabitants. This fever rose to such a height that every one fled from the sick, and what is the rarest instance of all, even the Clergy were panic-struck, and dreaded to remain in the town. Madame de Miramion called the magistrates together, encouraged them by her words and example, or, as some say, by her very look, to take up their duties afresh, and the timid among the Clergy followed their example, and for very shame could not refuse to go where a weak woman led the way. Marie nursed and ministered to the poor neglected sick with her own hands, and having obtained a large house for the patients, she laid aside every other affair and stayed two months at Mélnun, cheering and encouraging the inhabitants till all were aroused to do their duty with a good heart.

Years passed by, and we find Madame de Miramion still pursuing her unwearied course, acting as nursing mother and patroness to the Seminary of St. Nicholas de Chardonnet, providing vestments and clothes for the missionary Priests sent to Ireland, and performing all kinds of services for the whole parish and church. In 1677 she sustained a great loss in the death of the Abbé Ferret, whose clear-sighted and wise direction had been her great stay for sixteen years. The day after his funeral Madame de Miramion was cured of her fifteen years' disease, and from that day her continual and wearisome vomitings ceased. She took advantage of her return to health to renew and increase all her acts of penance, offering them for sinners. That same year the great and beloved President of the Parliament, Lamoignon, died. For thirty years he had been the friend and adviser of Marie in all her charitable undertakings, and he so deeply respected her that he never undertook any good work for the poor without first consulting her and taking her opinion. These two funerals, both at St. Nicholas, cost her, therefore, many tears, and the year was ended very sorrowfully both for her and for the whole of Paris.

The tears of the good, however, are the pledge of abundant harvest; and the next year was marked by a fresh work. Returning one evening from visiting some poor people, Marie saw a number of young women laughing and jesting with young men at the Tournelle Gate, and the next morning she sent for several among them whom she knew. Talking to them in her kind and winning way, she found that idleness was, as so often happens,

the chief cause of their thoughtless indiscretion, and the first easy downward step on the broad road. Without lectures or reproaches, Marie asked these girls to come that very day to her house, and do some sewing, promising that if they would only come regularly and pay a little attention, she would put them in the way of earning a good livelihood. The young women agreed to try what they could do, and, as it was apparently made pleasant to them, they persevered; and not long afterwards their indefatigable mistress took a house for them in the neighbourhood, which was called "the parish workroom." Prayers were said before and after work-hours, and during the sewing and cutting-out hymns and pious songs were sung. A class for reading and writing was established every day, and three days in the week there was public catechism. In the middle of the day a dinner was given gratuitously to all the workwomen, and later a supper to all who had earned it during the day. Those who had neither parents nor homes slept at the house, so that it became an orphanage as well as a workshop. The benefit of this institution became so manifest, that others were quickly opened in several parishes in Paris, in Versailles, St. Germain's, and Fontainebleau. Louis XIV. was delighted with the idea, about which he sent Madame de Miramion a flattering commendation, and this initiation of the Paris workshops, or *œuvres*, developed into a multiplicity of useful channels of industry, and became the means of saving very many souls.

Among a crowd of such acts of what may be called, without exaggeration, her inexhaustible charity, including the foundation of at least a hundred schools, and the expenses of the preaching of two hundred missions in the neighbourhood of Paris, Madame de Miramion was instrumental in causing the tomb of Mdle. Legras to be opened, when the remains were placed in a leaden coffin, and transported to a proper place of burial. By means of these precautions, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were able to preserve the body of their Foundress during two revolutions and the numberless political storms of two centuries in the chapel of their house in the Rue de Bac, where it lies at this day.

After losing her daughter, and comforting one of her brothers in his last moments, Marie was herself seized with a violent attack of spitting of blood, and in a short time was given up by the doctors. Madame de Nesmond went to nurse her mother, and never left her bedside. Finding that she never asked her for anything, or expressed a single wish, Madame de Nesmond said, "My dear mother, I think that you are mortifying yourself by not

asking for a drink or for anything you want?" Madame de Miramion replied, "When we are not able to do great things for God, we must be faithful in little ones." One evening she heard her two brothers and her daughter talking about her in a low voice, and saying that if God spared her life they should not allow her to work so hard for the future. She surprised them by replying, "Children, I belong neither to you nor myself, but to God. If He gives me my life, it will be to use it in His service."

Instead of recovering, she got so much worse that the last Sacraments were once more administered, and as the day's Gospel was on the miracle of the man born blind, Madame de Nesmond begged her mother to ask her own cure, but she refused. When her confessor came, however, and Madame de Nesmond had earnestly besought him to put her mother under obedience to ask to be cured, the Priest consented, and joined his prayers with those of Marie, while she did as he directed. He then desired Madame de Nesmond to give her something to take, and three hours afterwards the fever left her and the doctors declared her out of danger. As soon as she was up, Marie resumed her ordinary life, only giving up the wooden bed which had been her sole couch for so many years.

The next great work which Madame de Miramion undertook, and in undertaking, carried immediately into successful practice, was the opening of a house for retreats in Paris. Not for those only who stand least in need of retreats, but also for the poor, the irreligious, and the fallen. It was on Christmas Day in 1689, the great festival day of the poor, that the first retreat for the people began. After it was over, Marie saw a girl weeping bitterly as she was going away; and on asking her why, the poor girl replied that she had been sorry, and asked God's forgiveness, but now she was going to offend Him again, for she had no other way of life but sin. Marie bade her stay and sleep in the house, kept her there for some years, and then sent her to a convent, where she died a good nun. The ladies' retreats bore also abundant fruits, and many worldly and frivolous women entirely changed their lives and gave themselves to the service of the poor. For more than a century this house, a large and splendid hotel built round a courtyard on the Quay de Tournelle,\* and still to be seen near the old Hotel Nesmond, was one of the central points of charity in Paris, and when, like all other good institutions, it was submersed by the waters of the Great Revolution, its root survived to spring up again and flourish in our own time.

\* It is now the dispensary for medicines for all the hospitals of Paris.

A curious interlude to these laborious works and responsibilities was Madame de Miramion's appearance at the theatricals of St. Cyr, then the fashionable girls' school for the nobility of France, and under the special patronage of Madame de Maintenon. Racine had been bidden by her to write a Scriptural play, fit for young ladies to act in public, and the poet had obeyed by producing "Esther," so well-known since by school-girls of all ages. Racine himself actually taught the pupils how to recite their parts, and presided over the Eastern costumes and arrangements. Ladies lent their jewels, the King lent his band, and the whole affair was made as splendid and attractive as possible to amuse Louis, who was now sinking into those fits of depression and weariness which were the affliction and, we must hope, also the purification of his latter days. At the grand representation, which the King honoured by his attendance, Madame de Miramion and eight Religious were also present, a fact of which Madame de Sevigné gives a full account in her lively way.

Meanwhile the serious work of life went on uninterruptedly, and our Marie's later occupation was being a kind of peace-maker and arbitrator in scandal and family quarrels. From the royal Princesses to the poorest of Paris, she was called in to make reconciliation and to allay disputes, and as the Prior of St. Lo declares, she no sooner went over the threshold, than peace seemed to have come into the house. In some of the intricate affairs of that time, and especially in dealing with the influential women who played so conspicuous and unhappy a part in that reign, it was not always easy, nor even at all times safe, to meddle; and Madame de Miramion, above all women, well knew the truth of the proverb, *Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mets pas le doigt*. Nevertheless, she had much beneficial intercourse with the Duchess de Longueville, the Princess d'Harcourt, and with the haughty and reckless Madame de Montespan. Even this once so erring and irreligious woman at last gave way to the noble and tender influence of Madame de Miramion. After she had wearied out the King, and left the Court, she retired to a convent in Paris, when she often saw Marie, listened to her conversation, and tried to think that the thoughts of God could banish those of man, weeping the while many tears, but not those of true contrition. But at last the really meritorious tears flowed, and perhaps the effects of grace have never been more signally shown than in the last days of this once proud and passionate, but now humble and penitent, sinner. She went to live at Poitou in complete retirement, gave nearly all she possessed to the poor,

worked for them, washed and dressed the sick, and built a refuge for poor old men, whom she served herself, humbly asking their prayers, and performing numerous acts of secret penance till her death.

In the year 1692, St. Pelagia's Refuge began to lose its first fervour, and to show the want of some stricter inner rule. Madame de Miramion supplied this want by selecting several penitents of solid virtue and forming them into a separate class, which she placed in a part of the house kept for themselves, where they could practise a stricter and more regular life, under one of her own Sisters. This plan succeeded so well, that the directors of St. Pelagia besought her to send back their Magdalens once more into the old refuge to give the tone to the rest; and when this was done, the house preserved its excellent character till the Great Revolution broke it up.

The winter of 1694 set in with terrible severity, and famine again flooded Paris with misery. It seemed then that Madame de Miramion gathered up all her remaining but now fast-failing energies to meet the frightful distress as the mother of the poor. She went fearlessly to the Minister, to Madame de Maintenon, and to the King, and stirred them up to get in peas, beans, lentils, milk, barley, and rye-meal, to supply the want of corn. There were soon six thousand patients in the Hôtel Dieu where Marie continually laboured to nurse and serve them; and when she found that several sufferers were often by necessity placed in one bed, she asked and obtained permission to draft them into the Hospital of St. Louis,\* which thenceforward was annexed to the original foundation of Louis IX. At the same time she was visiting and relieving the poor and sick at their own homes, and feeding six thousand persons with soup every other day.

During the next year Madame de Miramion had a great battle to fight for some nine hundred girls who were about to be discharged from the General Hospital. She offered to beg for their subsistence, and her offer having been gratefully accepted, she spent about a month, being now sixty-six years old, in the dreary work of driving the whole day from one house to another to beg alms for these poor young women. Beginning with Versailles and Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Miramion begged from the King, the Dauphin, Monsieur the King's brother, and the Duchess of Guise, and thus collected over £2,000, and may well be excused for exclaiming when it was done, "We must love God very much indeed to get through this kind of work!"

\* Founded by Henri IV.

It may well be imagined that after a life of such wonderful and unintermitting activity in the service of her neighbour, Marie de Miramion longed to be at rest. Not with any unreal or overstrained craving, for in this great soul everything was solid, settled, and full of a kind of earnest cheerfulness, which had been one chief means of drawing round her so many helpers, and inspiring them with an energy and confidence which no difficulties could daunt. It has been truly said that we never fully know what a life is until we see its close, and these last days of Marie de Miramion for the first time fully unfold the inner beauty of her soul; the habit of prayer, the strong faith, the generous love, the unquestioning trust with which she leant upon God, and made His will and service the springs of her full and fruitful life.

In 1696, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, De Noailles, preached a jubilee, and Marie seized upon the occasion, as usual, for others, and opened a retreat for the poor, following the exercises herself with more than usual fervour and freedom of soul. Never, as she afterwards acknowledged, had she so realised the close presence and intimate dealings with God in her soul, never been so wrapt up and absorbed in His perfections, nor been allowed to drink in with such delight the joy and comfort of His promises and everlasting love. The exercises for the poor lasted a fortnight, and then a second retreat, for ladies, began. Before this second fortnight had ended, Marie was summoned to Versailles, to the death-bed of the Duchess de Guise, who, in spite of her many charities and good works, and regular life, had a peculiar horror of death. But as soon as she saw Madame de Miramion by her bedside, and heard the sweet and fearless way in which she spoke of that last struggle and passage of the soul, the Duchess lost her dread, and having received the last Sacraments with great joy, died in Madame de Miramion's arms.\* Marie returned to Paris, exceedingly tired and worn. She had sat up for several successive nights, had been obliged to talk a great deal, and had exerted all her powers and resources to comfort the dying woman who dreaded death. And now it was evident to all beholders that she had followed her Lord to the very last; that she had been faithful unto death, and with that rare love, most like His, which is oftenest found in women, she had laid down her life for her friend. The next day Marie took to her bed, and the terrible vomitings which had so often tried her to the utmost, now returned with violence. Madame de Nesmond hastened to her, and the best

\* The Duchess was the daughter of the too-famous Gaston of Orleans, and sister of the "Grande Mademoiselle," and widow of Louis, Duke of Lorraine.



doctors were called in, who, according to the barbarous pharmacy of the time, gave her strong emetics, bled her, and administered quinine, all immediately one after another. The patient, knowing well that these torments were useless, nevertheless strictly obeyed the doctors' directions, and offered up her agony of suffering in union with the Passion of Christ. The only thing she sighed for was necessarily refused. The Priest could not give her Communion, but when she knew this she said, "I have received our Lord so many times in my life, it may be, unworthily, that I deserve to be deprived of the comfort of receiving Him at my death." Probably her total surrender, even of this last blessing, caused the hindrance to be finally withdrawn, but first she made her confession, and received Extreme Unction with great gratitude and warm faith, declaring many times that she was not worthy of such a favour. A few hours after the anointing the vomiting ceased, and she was told that Communion might be given her. Those who had the happiness of attending her death-bed, could never forget what they then witnessed, nor fail to draw lasting benefit from the courageous faith which shone forth amid sufferings which almost equalled martyrdom, and which nothing but grace and absorbing love could have helped her so far to overcome. Despising the agonies which racked her from head to foot, Madame de Miramion sat up in bed with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed upon the Sacred Host, uttering at intervals the most fervent acts of praise, thanksgiving, and love. After she had received her God, Madame de Nesmond softly whispered to her to beg of Him her recovery to health. Her mother's face became radiant with a kind of divine gladness as she answered, "My child, it is time to go now and possess my God. I have greatly sinned against Him, but in His mercy is my hope." Then seeing her kiss the crucifix as she was so often accustomed to do in her illnesses, Madame de Nesmond said, "Our Lord binds you to His Cross." "I am too happy in the share of it He has given me," replied her mother; "my child, I will give you this dear crucifix—I have had it for thirty years."

Not thirty years, nor three hundred, of troubles, sufferings, or indefatigable labour in good works, which are sometimes seen to weaken or damp domestic virtues and ties, would have had the smallest influence in chilling Marie de Miramion's heart, or weaning her from her own beloved people. In the midst of her prayers and aspirations she lavished the tenderest expressions of love upon her daughter, and ever welcomed with her beaming smile and affectionate words her two brothers to her bedside.



Whatever forms devotion and piety may elsewhere take, here the deepest and truest family affection never ceased to reign next to her unchangeable First Love—the love of God. Her own Community of Helping Sisters came to kneel and pray round their Mother and ask her blessing. She replied to their wish that she was not worthy to give it, but that God would bless them if they were faithful to their vocation. One of the last things done, in the calm and method of this extraordinary death-bed, was a long letter written to Madame de Maintenon, begging her to intercede with the King for the alms necessary to maintain several of the good works already established, and especially for the workshops for poor girls, the dispensary for the poor, and the retreats for the people. Also a special sum was asked for the sick poor in the new quarters of Paris. This letter was to be given after her death, and thus would “the Mother of the Poor” plead more urgently and solemnly for those whom she had lived only to serve.

After finishing this letter and holding a conversation with her confessor, in which she dwelt upon her many sins and great abuse of grace, Marie took the blessed taper in her hand and made her profession of faith, ending with the renewal of her baptismal vows. But although all about her thought she was going to breathe her last, she remained two whole days apparently unconscious. During that time, her confessor having asked her if the thought of God was before her, she instantly replied—“I think of Him and love Him.” The doctors then tried fresh remedies, to which she submitted, but said—“It is all of no use. It is time to go to God.” That last unspeakable moment had indeed come. Madame de Nesmond knelt close beside her and asked for her blessing, and her mother said, in a clear voice—“My child, dry your tears and thank God for all He has done for you. Love Him and serve Him, for there is no other good. Death is sweet when we have belonged to Him, and if He grants me grace, how I shall pray for you!” Soon afterwards one of the Priests who had assisted her, and who had scarcely left her during her long last hours, said to her that she would soon know how far the glory to come outweighed the sharp agony she was passing through. Collecting, as it were, her final strength, Marie answered—“I know it already;” and bowing her head gently, her eyes closed, and her brave and loving soul went forth to its God. Without the least change or struggle the lips also then closed gently, as in life, and an expression of such peace and solemn joy overspread the face as filled the witnesses with reverence. It was remarkable that in

spite of the intense love they bore her, and their irreparable loss, those about her death-bed scarcely shed a tear, and seemed rather to be witnessing, as indeed they were, the triumph and crowning of one of the chosen servants of God than the loss of a beloved friend.

As such the voice of the people at once recognised her. No sooner was it known that Madame de Miramion was dead than the word flew from street to street. The doors of the house were forcibly though respectfully pressed open, and an unceasing stream of poor, of rich, Priests, beggars, nobles, and destitute, poured round the remains, praying and weeping, and crying out that the Mother of the Poor was dead. The surrounding streets and squares were blocked with carriages and with the coming and going crowd, who for fifty years had known her ministrations and benefited by her life. For two whole days Marie thus lay on the bed where she had died, in a majestic aspect of peace, which seemed to the people to represent her still pleading for their wants before the throne of God.

Marie was buried as a poor woman among the poor. Six poor men carried the bier to the parish church of St. Nicholas, where only a few candles were lit, as for a poor burial. But behind the coffin walked such a procession as is seldom seen accompanying Kings and warriors to the grave. First the thirty Sisters of St. Genevieve, then the eighty girls from the workshop and the three hundred children taught in the house, all with lighted candles in their hands. Next the President of the General Hospital, and the hundreds of poor young women who had been saved from destitution and sin. Marie's daughter and brothers headed the enormous band of friends and voluntary mourners, comprising most of the nobility of the Court, and the whole of Paris seemed to follow, and make the city one vast funeral procession to do honour to the noble and valiant woman, who was justly named by the Duke de Noailles "the Grand Almoner of the seventeenth century." Might not the words she so often repeated to her child, have been fittingly carved on her grave?—"The Hospitals are the road to Heaven."

E. B.

## The Dialogues of Lydney.

### No. 2.—MODERN MARVELS.

#### CHAPTER X.—GETTING UP THE CASE.

WHEN I got up to my room that evening I spent about half an hour in turning over the leaves of Mrs. Bertram's journal, which had been confided to my care by Miss Lancaster. It was a manuscript of between two and three hundred pages, very nicely written, broken up into sections under the head of "*Séances*," the dates and places given at the beginning of each, with the names of the persons present on this or that occasion added in full, though here and there a name had been erased, evidently in consequence of the objection of its owner to have his or her participation in the matter set down in black and white. At the end of a great number of the sections there was a space originally blank, which had been filled by the signatures of the persons whose names were mentioned as present, and a note added that they guaranteed the accuracy of the report. I myself knew well many of the persons named, others I knew by reputation, and I felt certain that they could not possibly have conspired together for purposes of deception. I think also that I might fairly assert that they had no great bond of union among themselves except that of interest in the subject of Spiritism. That they could have been here and there deceived as to particular phenomena there could be no doubt, but, at the same time, they were as likely to be well on their guard as any other like number of persons on a matter as to which they sincerely wished to ascertain the truth. It must be acknowledged at once, I thought—even from a cursory inspection—that the facts were in general true, and that there could be no rational doubt that the existence of the alleged phenomena, as a class of strange and wonderful effects, must be admitted on the evidence here brought forward.

I was not very sleepy, but I must confess that when from a general inspection of the volume as a whole I went on to read through a few of the *séances* in particular, I soon began to weary of the task. These things are probably very exciting to those who

witness them—who, indeed, appear to need perpetual warnings from the “medium” not to show too much interest in the phenomena. But they do not attract the reader for a long time together, at least they did not attract me. In the first place there was a good deal of sameness about the “physical manifestations,” and one soon gets tired of hearing that one table would not do and another would, that the influences—atmospheric and otherwise—were favourable or unfavourable, that So-and-So mustn’t smoke or take snuff, or eat sweets, if he would profit by the phenomena, that a chair came from the wall to the table, that the latter was lifted up, even that this or that person was touched on the knee or the elbow, that a faint light was seen, that hands seemed to move under the table-cloth, or even placed themselves softly in the grasp of some of the party sitting round the table. These are the sort of things which, apart from the question of their cause and origin, do not, I confess, interest me nearly so much as I was interested by what I had just heard Lloyd relate of the tricks of Indian or Japanese jugglers. I think I would rather, as a mere matter of curiosity, have seen a mango or an orange grow before my eyes, or even the pretty, but, I suppose, common enough “butterfly trick” of the Japanese, than most of these manifestations. I say *most*, because there were some in Mrs. Bertram’s book which were certainly very startling. On the whole, I could not deny the truth of Charles Kingshill’s remark as to the triviality and seeming childishness of a great many of the “manifestations.” How, then, to account for the interest they seem to excite in so many minds? It must be nothing, I thought, but the craving after the marvellous, the intense curiosity which we feel as to the unseen world, the desire of communion—licit or illicit, as the case may be—with those who have gone before us, that is at the bottom of this interest. And if there is a large range of subjects as to which we are designedly left in ignorance by Providence, for its own wise and benevolent purposes, the mere excitement of this craving after such communication may be in itself something highly mischievous, and may leave the mind in an unsettled, restless, or unsubmitive state, which may lead to results disastrous even to faith or morality, though the actual “manifestations” themselves by means of which the unwholesome appetite is stimulated may seem to be either innocuous or simply foolish. I had at one time been hardly prepared to take in the notion so unhesitatingly suggested by Charles Kingshill, that these things were permitted to the enemies of mankind in their warfare against souls, but as I reflected upon the matter

more, after closing the book in a listless, weary mood, I felt that there might be great truth in it. If no further harm came from these things than the excitement of dealing, in a new, venturesome, and inquisitive way, with things that are withdrawn from our view in the ordinary course of Providence, and as to which the Church certainly does not encourage us to be meddlesome or curious, this might be enough to make it worth the while of the sleepless foes of our spiritual welfare to bring about these wonders. But, at the same time, it was evident at once that further mischief might follow, and notably the evil of false doctrines as to man's condition and destiny, his relation to God, and the accepted truths of revelation, many of which might be silently and craftily undermined in the course of communications with the world of spirits, even if they were not openly assailed and contradicted.

I looked out of window before retiring to rest, and saw that the sky was more overcast than in the evening, and that it was raining softly. The appearance of things did not argue well for the morrow, and the next morning at breakfast we found ourselves confronted by the unwelcome fact that we had a rainy day to dispose of so soon after our escape from London, where both Lloyd and myself had lingered unusually late. He had had to return after his circuit for some special work in his chambers, and in my branch of the profession we are liable to be detained long after the Courts have closed. We indulged ourselves in our national privilege of a good grumble, and then found that we could get through the day pleasantly enough indoors.

"When I travel," said Lloyd, "I always make a point of never caring for what I don't see. My friends ask me—'Have you been to this church or up that mountain? have you seen the view here or the pictures there?' And I always say to myself that so long as my time has been pleasantly spent in seeing things that are worth seeing, I am not going to trouble myself about those I have had no time for. Otherwise, sight-seeing becomes a race against time, a sort of duty and labour, instead of a recreation. I can't bear travellers like the guests at the City banquets, who reproach their consciences with not having been able to eat of every one of the rare dishes on the table. On this principle, Mrs. Kingshill, I mean to enjoy myself to-day. Lydney is very charming indoors and out of doors, and I shall devote this morning to its indoor delights."

"Come along," said Charles, "I'll find you plenty to occupy you. I've got a number of new prints since you were here, and a few choice old etchings, in which I think you will delight."

"Or perhaps," I said, "as I am to be engaged all the morning in getting up my brief about the "manifestations" out of Miss Lancaster's book, Lloyd would like her to lend him her volume on chess to study at the same time."

They all laughed. "Here it is, Mr. Lloyd; I brought it down on purpose yesterday. I shall leave it on the table in the drawing-room for you to take whenever you like."

Lloyd declined the offer politely, but I heard him some time after go up to his room, and when I next entered the drawing-room the book was gone.

After half an hour's desultory chat with Kingshill and my cousin, I went upstairs and set to work upon my brief, reading through the leaves rapidly, as it was easy to do, for there was a column of side-notes along each page, which served as a sort of index, and endeavouring to classify the facts for my own purposes. In the first place I determined to separate what was spoken from what was done. The visible and palpable effects recorded were undeniable, and showed great and strange power; the moving of chairs and tables, the repeated tilting up of tables on which various objects—books, glasses, and the like—were placed, which yet remained where they were, though the surface on which they rested was inclined at a sharp angle, and much more the moving about of bodies in the air, in some cases out of the window of one room and into that of another. These, which were only specimens of the phenomena of that class, seemed as if they might be set down at once as the work of intelligent agents other than man, and with great powers. Even here, however, there was occasionally a striking air of failure, weakness, and—as critics would have said if the same effects had been attempted in a pantomime—clumsiness and awkwardness of mechanism. The "spirits," moreover, were constantly speaking of their own want of power, and sometimes the manifestations broke off suddenly. But a far more important class of phenomena, as bringing those present at the *séances* into communication with what professed to be the spirits of departed friends or others, were the answers given by the spirits to questions, or the words addressed by them to their listeners by means of raps, which are made to answer to words by means of the calling over of the alphabet. I thought it fair to note, however, that the rapping is of all the effects recorded in narratives like that with which I was now dealing, the one most easily accounted for by trickery and collusion. Still, I was not inclined, on examination, to explain it in this way. It might be so explained, no doubt, in several instances, but it could not in all

or in the greater number. Sometimes the raps were in parts of the room distant from the audience, sometimes in rooms where no contrivance could possibly have been arranged beforehand, and sometimes the conversation was carried on, on the part of the spirits, by heavings of the table or other phenomena, which could hardly have been naturally produced under the circumstances. I determined, therefore, to examine separately the answers given in this manner. Here I found a good deal that surprised me. In the first place I thought that there would have been some ground for disappointment on the part of the more ardent partisans of Spiritism. I mean that there was a general absence of any very striking revelation as to unknown facts. The first thing, I suppose, that people think of when they are told that a new method of communication with the unseen world has been opened to them, is that they have now an opportunity of finding out secrets relating to themselves or to others. I have seen books in which this argument is used against Spiritism—that it would open a way for the revelation of family or personal secrets, and might become a terrible weapon for inflicting the most serious injuries upon character and for the destruction of peace and friendship, if the hands that wielded it were unscrupulous. We all have heard, moreover, of the communications from the other world which had for their purpose the transfer of large sums of money into the pockets of a “medium.” In the narrative before me I could not find much of this sort. One very bad accusation against an absent person was made, but this was nearly all. This seemed to me to confirm the general truthfulness of the story. If any one had sat down to invent a *séance*, I think he would in many cases have made the phenomena much more startling and effective, and he would certainly have eliminated the failures and the clumsiness; while, as to the communications which he would have recorded, he would probably have made them a good deal more piquant and interesting than they were in the pages before me.

On the other hand, I could not help seeing that a considerable number of these communications bore, either directly or indirectly, on the subject of religion. I have already alluded to the anecdote, which I believe to be well authenticated, of the “spirit” who could not bear to spell the holy name of our Lord, or that of God, and had even on one occasion substituted for it the name of His enemy. In the journal which I now had in my hand, all this was changed. There was, it said, a great solemnity and reverence whenever, in the course of the communications made through the



alphabet, the name of God or that of our Lord occurred. Then there were several statements as to God's goodness, His love, how much He is pleased with charity, how indulgent and merciful He is, and the like. Sometimes passages from Holy Scripture were quoted—passages about the mercy of God and the blessings of redemption. Sometimes the "spirits" exhorted their audience to practice examination of conscience, or declared that they themselves were not afraid of the sign of the Cross. Sometimes they seemed to complain that they were supposed by some to be devils; at other times they seemed to imply that there were no such beings as devils at all. They also showed considerable anxiety that their hearers should be convinced of their goodwill, and of the affection with which they watched over them. In some cases the spirits professed to be persons well known to the audience, who had not been long dead, and they referred to incidents or sayings in the life of these persons. Sometimes they presented themselves as connected by the closest possible ties with the persons addressed, as husbands to wives, or parents to children, and there were on these occasions also many hints at religion, the stricter and more awful side of which, however, seemed to be uniformly left out, if it was not distinctly carped at. But, after all, the actual answers or sayings of the "spirits," as expressed by the raps, filled but a comparatively small portion of Mrs. Bertram's journal.

A far larger portion was occupied by communications of a different character, still, however, professing in some sort to be from the other world. These communications, if they are so to be called, consisted of long sentences uttered by the "medium" when in a state of trance, in which state he spoke sometimes in his own person, sometimes distinctly in that of another, who seemed to be speaking through him, and sometimes as a sort of representative of the spirits generally. His words sometimes were a sort of sermon or instruction, at others they took the form of a prayer, and at others again, he held a conversation with the narrator, or some other person present, who asked him questions and received answers. I found the theological tendency of these passages often more pronounced, and much more easily to be discerned than that of the shorter answers given by the "spirits" themselves; I could see at once an implicit or explicit denial of many common Christian truths, and the bearing of the whole was towards a sort of Universalism. There were several distinct attacks on the Bible statements, or on Catholic doctrines, and Christianity was put on a level with other (so-called) religions. If

then Spiritism were to be tested by an examination of these passages, it seemed to me that it must be condemned at once as preaching "another Gospel," and so falling under St. Paul's anathema, even though an Angel from Heaven were to appear to teach its doctrines. But, on the other hand, just as the raps seemed to be the part of the business most open to the suspicion of treachery, so these trance-utterances of the "medium" were obviously very much what he might have said when he was in his ordinary condition, or at least without the agency of any other mind than his own. Some of these speeches were said to have been very solemn and beautiful, but when they came to be read, as they were taken down, they seemed nothing very wonderful. Here again there were traces of imperfection and impotence; the speaker made use of poor language, and was sometimes at a loss for an expression or an illustration. The whole of them left a generally disagreeable impression, and certainly gave me no wish at all to have anything to do with the speaker. There were often descriptions of the state of the spirit world which contradicted Catholic doctrine, especially as regards sin, its punishment, and the entire limitation of a state of probation and change to this present life. Except this, there was nothing very striking in this part of the journal, but it made me wish to have a clear understanding as to the general question of the extent to which a supernatural or preternatural influence to which a mind may become subject while in a state of trance, may reach, and how far it supersedes the natural disposition, the habitual thoughts, and the acquired conclusions of the mind thus acted upon. A man may talk strangely or even, to some minds, beautifully, upon a number of subjects, in a dreamy, mystic, maudlin way under the influence of opium, or of other less recondite agencies, and the words that come from him under such circumstances are worth not more than any other talk of the same person. In the case before us it was clear to any one who read the whole narrative that the "medium" had very vague, but not very uncommon "views" about religion and the great truths relating to our condition here, and though it was possible that some other agent besides himself was working upon his mind and, sometimes, on his imagination, it did not seem quite necessary that it should be so. It did not therefore seem to be at first sight perfectly clear that the physical manifestations and the doctrine of the trance-utterances were to stand or fall together.

I found nothing in the volume which was before me of certain methods of communication other than those which I have

mentioned, which, however, as I see in books on the subject, are by no means unusual in these *séances*. I have heard, for instance, of words being traced upon paper by no visible human agency, which of course must be attributed, in the hypothesis of the absence of fraud, directly to the spirits. At other times the hand of a "medium" is said to be "influenced"—that is, he writes as if some one else were guiding his hand. Kindred to this is the kind of communication by means of the "planchette" to which I have already alluded. These two last methods of communication are of course more suspicious than that first mentioned, inasmuch as the mind and will of the human agent may have an indefinitely large share in producing the result. Again, voices have sometimes been heard, which, in the hypothesis under which I speak, must be supposed to be the utterances of the spirits themselves, and, as such, far more worthy of examination and consideration than the trance-utterings of the medium. I did not consider the absence of all mention of phenomena of this class as conclusive evidence against their occurrence in other cases. From what I have heard and read, Spiritism seems to be perpetually shifting and developing, and it is not at all surprising that the phenomena should not be always identical, or that to certain persons at certain times one class of manifestations should either be made or not made, which occur in the presence of others or at other times.

By the time that luncheon was approaching, I had nearly arranged the evidence in such a shape as to make it easy to grasp the points on which any decision as to the origin of the manifestations must turn. The preliminary questions as to the possibility of fraud and imposition I considered hardly practical. Leaving a large margin for mistake and delusion, there remained a body of evidence as to these phenomena which was quite irresistible, if evidence is to be received at all on matters of this kind. There could be no doubt, also, as to the presence and working of active intelligences other than those of the persons who related and witnessed the manifestations. The question remained, who these intelligent beings were? Here we came at once to the confines of theology. Whatever may be the case with those who have no definite creed, or who, though they are classed under the general head of Christians, have yet to make up their minds as to the truth of what is stated in Scripture, or what is taught by the Church, as to the unseen world, it must be obvious to Catholics at least that the alternatives open to us in forming a judgment on this question of personality are very limited. The particulars of the unseen world are unknown to us, but we know that it is

entirely under the dominion of God, to whom all things live; and that all spiritual existences must be either children of His Kingdom or the enemies whom He tolerates in it. God Himself, His Angels and Saints, the blessed in Heaven, including millions of children saved by holy Baptism who never lived to the age of reason, the souls of Purgatory, the souls of others, whether infants or adults, who have died under the sentence of original sin without having added to it actual sin of their own, and without any desire, however implicit, of baptism, in virtue of which they might be admitted to Heaven, the souls who have died in sin without reconciliation, Satan and his evil angels—to one or other of these as their cause the phenomena before us must be set down. Practically, they fall into two classes—good or evil spirits. We had then first of all to see whether the manifestations themselves betrayed their own origin by any characteristics which could lead us to assign them to a good or bad cause. Then we had to consider whether the doctrine connected with the manifestations by the communications of the spirits themselves, or the utterances of the medium, could help us to any conclusion on the question of their origin. Lastly, I thought we might fairly ask, even putting aside any argument that might be drawn from the un-Catholic statements made by the spirits, whether any room can be found in the system of the Church and of Christianity for the use of communications of this kind, or whether, on the other hand, they are not—even though innocent, as I may say, in detail—a satisfaction of unlawful curiosity, or at the best, a disobedient and disloyal striving after a kind of knowledge which has been expressly and repeatedly forbidden to men.

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CHAPTER XI.—A GREAT AUTHORESS AND HER HUSBAND.

THE rain had continued all the morning, though at noon there had been some faint signs of a break in the clouds, after which what had before been serious showers became mere drizzle. I was not without hopes that we should get out riding or walking in the afternoon, as the downs soon get dry under foot. But I had heard the wheels of a carriage not long before luncheon, and had wondered who it could be out of the not very numerous neighbours of Lydney Lodge who had chosen so unpropitious a day for a morning call. As I was preparing to go down to luncheon, Charles Kingshill put his head into the boudoir, with a half-comical look of consternation on his face. "My dear Frank, come and help us. The Towan Moores have been in the

drawing-room for the last ten minutes, and will stay for luncheon. Madame has been asking for you already. We're in for it, I fear."

"The Towan Moores!" I exclaimed. "Save the mark! Why she's one of the people mentioned in the journal which I've been poring over all the morning."

"If she is, we shall have the whole history of it, depend upon it, before she leaves. But she's got the manuscript of her new work with her. *Tenet occiditque legendo*. She's already thrown out one or two hints as to reading us 'a chapter or two,' but Gertrude has parried them with her usual cleverness. I fear our afternoon is spoilt, even if it doesn't rain."

So saying, the master of the house went down to entertain his guests, and I feel sure that neither of them felt for a moment that they were rather bores—to him at least, for I am not sure that Lloyd and I were as perfectly on our guard all that afternoon as Charles and Gertrude. As for Miss Lancaster, I think she looked upon it as a rare chance of fun, like an invitation to some new excitement at the end of the season, to have the opportunity of "developing" Mrs. Towan Moore. But I must not let this good lady and her husband make their first appearance in these pages without a word or two of introduction.

Mrs. Towan Moore, then, is an old county acquaintance of Gertrude's, and, consequently, of my own. Her father was a clergyman, holding a living some three miles off Satchcombe, and the intercourse between the two houses had been frequent and very cordial. Julia Flint was an only daughter, and her father's great delight and constant companion. We used to laugh at her early wisdom, her gravity, and her precocious learning; and although a good deal of her unchildlike manner of speaking came from her being so much with older persons, she had remarkable powers of acquisition, a wonderful memory, and an industry and love of reading which would have made her a learned lady even if her circumstances had been different. Her father was a man of very active mind, somewhat stern and severe except to his own child, and an exacting and unsparing taskmaster to her. When she was quite a girl, she began to write, and we were from time to time admitted into her confidence as her long-projected tales advanced to maturity. Her father took an immense interest in what he thought were the dawns of a great literary genius. If they were not exactly such, at least they were the first beginnings of a career of much success and not a little usefulness. Julia was not spoilt by her father's admiration, and she was certainly kept very much in order, and profited very much, by his criticism and

advice. I well remember the old man's delight when at last a London High Church publisher was induced to accept one of her tales for publication. She did not achieve great success immediately, but she persevered; she was always painstaking and conscientious, her purpose always good, her tone high, and, though her characters were somewhat tame and her range of writing limited, she gradually came into the front rank of writers of a certain class of popular fiction, which keeps up a perpetual protest against sensationalism, holds up a high standard of taste, and has produced a few works—some of which few are hers—which will remain among the best monuments of the literature of the present generation. So, in her way, Julia has become a great woman—a person to whom people write from the other side of the Atlantic, whose autograph is thought a treasure, whom strangers are glad to have pointed out to them, who edits other persons' books, and whose name is a tower of strength to a magazine. It is not to be supposed that her celebrity has not told upon her. I do not meet her very often, but whenever I do, though she is thoroughly cordial and heartily glad to see her old playmate and companion, I do not quite find in her the simplicity and unassuming humility of her younger days. Something, no doubt, is to be set down to the fact that Julia has never forgiven either Gertrude or myself for having become Catholics. She is too much in earnest in her own way not to feel that the presence of her convert friends reminds her of a question as important to her as to us, and is a sort of reproach to her. But I think other causes have been at work to spoil her. She has a terrible cloud of incense always around her, and is somewhat blinded by it. She has become a sort of oracle to people around her. She seldom goes to London, and never travels, and her ideas are consequently not often exchanged with those of persons of equal mental culture with herself, and a certain narrowness has grown upon her as well as a tendency to dogmatise. She is very kind-hearted, and gives largely from the money which she makes by her writings for religious purposes, according to her own views, and this has purchased her a good deal of adulation and homage from the clerical leaders of the party to which she, more or less, belongs. One of her hobbies, too, is to help on young authoresses, and she has thus become the centre of a little circle of expectant and admiring disciples of her own sex, with whom she keeps up an active correspondence, and to whom, of course, her word is law. Even men of active earnest mind, of considerable ability and

much influence from position and character, are often lamentably stunted, hardened, and narrowed by living almost entirely in the society of hangers-on of their own, smaller and weaker than themselves, who simply echo and reflect their ideas and habits of thought. A position of this sort is ruinous to any but the greatest, and therefore the humblest and simplest, minds.

I have said that Julia's father did not spoil her, and perhaps it will be expected that her husband should have succeeded to his influence. I must therefore say something about her husband, Mr. Towan Moore. Mr. Towan Moore was a curate in a neighbouring parish when he first fell in with Julia Flint. He was, and is, a man of delicate health, and as his means are tolerably ample, even without the accession to his income produced by his wife's labours, he has for many years done little of what is called "professional" duty. The common account of the marriage between the two is, that he was one of a number of humble worshippers of Miss Flint's genius, one who used to listen most assiduously and applaud most congenially the occasional "readings" from her unpublished works which she used to give at parties in the neighbourhood, when Julia cast her eyes upon him and chose to elevate him to the rank of her husband. This, however, is not at all correct. Towan Moore really owes his fortune, good or bad, in being Julia's husband, to the fact that he "snubbed" her once in the presence of a large company. How he came to do it, I could never tell, for he certainly had admired her for a long time before: but so it was. She was reading before a party of friends some chapters of one of her unfinished stories—which chapters, by some accident, old Mr. Flint had not yet revised—and she rapped out a Virgilian quotation in which the words were misplaced, and a false quantity made. Towan Moore, an elegant and accomplished scholar, took her up immediately, and Julia, instead of yielding, appealed to Virgil and the Gradus, and was ignominiously worsted, not before she had said a sharp thing or two against her corrector. Mr. Flint made her go the next day and apologise in person, and she did this with so much real humility and gracefulness—dropping, in her simplicity, a hint that she had felt the snub more keenly from *him*—that the presumptuous but susceptible Towan made her an offer of his hand on the spot. Her father was not quite pleased, for he thought the man hardly equal to his daughter; but then, as Mrs. Flint told him, whom would Julia ever find who was her equal? She was a sort of intellectual Romanoff, and might marry any one she



pleased — sure that he would rise and she not fall by the alliance. Julia was, and is, very fond of her husband, and they have been very happy. He is a soft, easy-going man, of much cleverness and early cultivation, but quite overborne and overshadowed by the greatness of his wife. That one false quantity is the only mistake of her's he has ever corrected. He has had a very bad effect on her, especially since her father's death, in his indiscriminate admiration of whatever she writes. Mr. Flint used to cut her tales down, and make her write half of them twice over; her husband would be listened to if he were to do the same, for she has good sense enough to know the value of criticism, and in a certain way she is proud of him. But Towan Moore, early in his married life, fell into the way, which his mother-in-law had taught him, of accepting his wife's writings as the standard of excellence. He lives in her novels, talks about her characters as if they were actual persons, and wonders what this or that one would say or do under certain circumstances. He can tell you all their relationships and pedigrees—this is a very intricate matter, for Julia is great in what is called “crowding her canvas with individual creations”—and he is, in short, a kind of living concordance or index to her works. It was a condition of their marriage, that he should come and take up his abode with her father and mother. After the death of Mr. Flint, which was soon followed by that of his widow, Mr. Towan Moore accepted the small country living of Danelych, five miles from Lydney, and thus again Julia and Gertrude became near neighbours. I have heard malicious persons say that Towan's reason for taking the preferment was to be found in his wife's strong objection to live anywhere where she had not the schools to manage and the parish charities to superintend. But he does his duty very well, as times go, and keeps a good curate, to whom he pays almost the entire income of the living. Some one—one of the same malicious persons, I presume—spread a report not long ago that he was to be made a bishop, and it is said that by far the greater portion of the congratulatory letters which the rumour produced were addressed to his wife, not to him. I think the Premier was rather afraid of putting the diocese of — into Julia's hands, and the intention, if it ever existed, was abandoned. Perhaps it was a pity—for she would really have managed matters and worn her part of the mitre very well.

I have already said that I had found Mrs. Towan Moore's name in the journal with which I had been occupied. She had been present at one or two *stances*, in which nothing of any great

moment had occurred; but the appearance of her name had rather startled me. She had been brought up, as Gertrude had been brought up, in the strict High Church doctrines and practices. Many of the families in that part of the country had been much under the influence of one of the High Church leaders, now some years dead, and this influence had told particularly on the young. Towan Moore himself was an able man, distinguished enough at the University, but he had let himself lie somewhat fallow since taking "orders" in the Anglican Church. He once created a sensation in the University pulpit by a brilliant "viewy" sermon upon various "phases" of Christianity, but it was found out afterwards that it was all taken from a German rationalist. If he represented any school of opinion at all, it was certainly more favourable to free-thinking and indifference to dogma than that in which Mr. Flint had educated his daughter. Julia had been all her life among clergymen, and occupied nearly as much in parish labours, care of the poor, the sick, the schools, and so on, as in writing or reading. We—that is, Gertrude and myself—had always found her sympathise with us in our young dreams about the revival of a sort of mediæval Anglicanism. After a time, however, just as we began to turn our thoughts towards Rome, we found our friend slipping from us. To us she seemed to be retrograding towards a kind of rationalism, but she said that we had moved on, not she back. I dare say it was so for a time, but I have met her at rather long intervals, though not unfrequently, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, and I have always been struck with her as an instance of the truth, how impossible it is for a really thinking person to maintain the old Anglican position seriously through a long time, and in the face of the various phenomena which have marked the history of Anglicanism since the beginning of what is called the Oxford movement—the various decisions in favour of heresy or of latitudinarianism, the broken pledges and eaten words of the High Church leaders, the large number of conversions, the rapid spread and growing influence of the Broad Church, and the like. From the first, Towan Moore had the seeds of Broad Churchism in him, but it was not so with his good and earnest wife. Yet I find that by the force of circumstances, by that silent sense of the necessity of a logical position which influences the words and the conduct of thousands of persons who know nothing about logic, and perhaps, to some extent, by her intercourse with literary men and the mental activity of the day, Julia has been obliged practically to abandon her High Church theory. She says the same prayers,

goes to the same services, teaches the school children—she has no children of her own—the same lessons about the collects and the catechism as before, but she no longer rests her faith, as in old days, on an authority which she believes cannot deceive her. She still talks and writes against rationalism, as I am sorry to say she talks and writes occasionally against Catholicism; but she is nevertheless judging all the time according to the paramount authority of her own reason. If we ever have an argument on matters of belief—which does not often happen—I find that I can no longer urge her with principles which in her old High Church days she would have taken for granted, and I have once or twice been pained to see that it is of no use to put before her the “alternative” argument—as I may term it in general—the argument which proceeds on the assumption that something must be true, and that it can only be Catholicism or infidelity. For I now perceive that, in discussion at least, she does not think the latter of those two alternatives so utterly unreasonable as it appears to us. I can see that she has in reality given up the Unity of the Church, and with the Unity, the Authority also, that she is not quite sure what to say as to the inspiration of Scripture, and has been somewhat caught by what has been written lately against the eternity of punishment. These things certainly might have served to prepare me to find her dabbling a little in Spiritism. It was no great stretch beyond the point which she had already reached, to look upon Christianity as one of a series of religious developments which have marked successive stages in the history of humanity, each partially good, each partially false, or if not false, at least capable of being perfected, or even superseded. If I was startled therefore at seeing her name, it was perhaps because her dealing with the matter at all seemed to indicate a decay of religiousness and an enfeeblement of the instincts of Christian piety rather than any great change in theological views. I thought that the Julia Flint of earlier years would have shrunk from the whole business much as my cousin Gertrude had shrunk from it. I am of course speaking of persons brought up, more or less, under the very good influence which had been dominant in the circle to which the families of both these ladies belonged, for I should be sorry to say anything against the religiousness or piety of others who may have been attracted by this new excitement—strange as it may seem that such qualities can coexist with the venturesome curiosity which seeks its satisfaction in frequenting these *séances* and sitting at the feet of “mediums.”

## CHAPTER XII.—A FIRST SKIRMISH.

JULIA TOWAN MOORE received Lloyd and me very graciously when we made our appearance in the drawing-room. Some people laugh at her for a certain queenliness of manner, but she is quite unconscious of it. It has come from the homage which she habitually receives in her own small circle, and the way in which strangers, who are introduced to her as a celebrity, approach her. She almost waved us to seats on either side of her. Clara Lancaster entered the room immediately after us, and was duly presented by Gertrude.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting General Lancaster in London," said Julia. "I need hardly ask if he is well, for I heard of him this morning in a letter from Essex." (General Lancaster was staying near the home of the lady with whom his name had now begun to be connected.) "I hear we are soon to congratulate you, Miss Lancaster, on an event which will bring him and you much happiness, I hope." And Julia smiled, as she meant, with polite benignity.

Clara winced. "People say strange things, but I don't know that it is not mere gossip."

"Indeed! I think it is more than gossip. My correspondent——"

Gertrude interposed. "Come, Julia, you must really take your things off before we go in to luncheon. Come upstairs with me."

And the authoress, after a slight demur, sailed off after her. When she returned, we sat down to our meal. I need not attempt to chronicle the conversation which ensued. Some of Towan Moore's friends say that you can never be five minutes in his company without his bringing up the subject of his wife's last work. The lady herself, on this occasion, was the chief talker, and I must say that she spoke about everything but herself. I was amused, however, at her husband's attempts. Every five or ten minutes he seemed to be making his approaches, asking questions or making remarks which were only three or four doors off, as it were, from his favourite subject, and then Charles or Gertrude would quietly turn the conversation in another direction, and poor Towan had to begin over again. I am not sure, however, that we should have got through luncheon as we did, without any direct allusion to the book, if Clara, whose spirits gradually revived, and who began at last to look mischievous, had not by chance dropped her handkerchief, and in picking it up, give the edge of the table a rap with her knuckles.

"Miss Lancaster, you'll convert us," said Lloyd.

"Oh, I can't do it well," said Clara. "I was at a house the other day in London where a gentleman managed somehow to rap the table with his feet or knees, so as to take us in at first. But we soon found him out. He could not do anything more; but it really sounded very strange."

"Spiritualism," said Julia, "is hardly a thing to play at."

"I agree with you," said Charles; "and so, in fact, does Clara. She is only telling you what happened. In fact, we consider her here rather a heretic, because she believes in the spirits."

"She is quite right to do so. Don't you believe in them, Gertrude?"

"I believe in them so far as this, that I believe they are spirits. But I don't want to have anything to do with them."

Julia was now on one of her hobbies, and began to hold forth; and Mr. Towan Moore was spared further exertion to bring in her latest novel.

"It is natural for you, I suppose, to hold back from any new development of natural knowledge. I don't mean, Mr. Kingshill, that you are obliged to shun knowledge, but that your system does not leave any room for expansion and discovery in the spiritual world."

"We certainly think that we have had the truth given us once for all, but even as to matters of doctrine and faith we allow and contend for development in a certain sense. But we don't ambition knowledge or discovery of this particular kind, because we suspect the source from which it comes, and the intention with which it is offered to us. To put it at the very lowest, I should think that you could hardly point out any good that can come from it."

"On the contrary, it is just the good it does, and the greater good that it might do, that gives Spiritualism its interest in my eyes. It is a pity that more is not made of it by those who ought to take the lead in social and mental progress. If the clergy would take it up"—here there was a very slight side glance at her husband, who seemed a little uneasy, and who, as I afterwards found out, did not admire what Julia called Spiritualism at all—"if the clergy would take it up, it might become a powerful engine for good."

"I am glad," said Charles, "to know that many who have enrolled themselves to a certain extent among the votaries of this new system—or whatever it is to be called—have done so with

the sincere conviction that good may issue from it. But I don't understand them."

"Well," Julia replied, "facts are the best argument. It is a matter of fact that many persons who did not believe in any but the material world, real Sadducees, in short, have been brought by these manifestations to acknowledge the existence of a whole range of spiritual beings, and that the immortality of the soul has come to be recognised as a truth by many to whom it was a dead letter before. I have a friend in America who writes to me sometimes, and he told me once that after the death of his wife, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, he had little intimations now and then of her presence, and sometimes messages from her by means of raps, which referred to things which no one knew but themselves. He became, in fact, a Christian in consequence. Then others have risen from Unitarianism to a belief in our Blessed Lord in consequence of these communications. Others, moreover, and this ought to touch you more nearly, have become Roman Catholics on the same ground. Then there are not a few instances where physical good has been done by these manifestations; people have received hints or directions as to their health, and diseases have been palliated or cured. Morality has been enjoined, and bad habits discountenanced. I am more inclined to rest the usefulness of Spiritualism upon what I mentioned first, namely, that living in a materialistic age, when people are questioning the existence even of the soul except as a result of physical organisation, we have new, ocular, and tangible proofs of the existence of a world of spirits. The argument addresses itself to a number of persons, who will not listen to the ordinary proofs."

Before Charles could answer Julia, I caught her up, for the sake, I must confess, of a little fun in the midst of a discussion which threatened to be grave. "Pray, Julia"—we keep up our old habits of familiarity—"has any one been told by the spirits to become an Anglican, and sign the Thirty-nine Articles in the High Church sense?"

"Well, I suppose, Master Frank," said she, "if the spirits have not backed up the High Church position, that is an argument which on your principles goes to prove the truth of Anglicanism. I really do not know that they have not recommended Anglicans, as well as others, to be good where they are. But let us suppose that Anglicanism is the only form of Christianity which these spirits have not recommended. If they are lying spirits, their silence about Anglicanism tells in its favour."

"Yes; and if they are true spirits?"

"Come, come, you are only teasing me. I am inclined to attribute much more to the effect produced upon minds before ignorant of anything but materialism from the simple general fact of these undeniable manifestations of the existence of spiritual beings. But I am not bound to accept as good everything that may have been done in consequence of the phenomena of Spiritualism, or as true everything that may have been said or communicated by the spirits themselves."

"I think," said Charles, "that Frank only meant to tease you, as you say. Still, what you have alluded to in answer to his objection is very important. Let me explain what I mean. I can suppose that there is such a thing, even in the case of materialists converted to the belief in an unseen world, as the last error being as bad or worse than the first. It may be as mischievous, as destructive of faith, as subversive of morality and of the authority of conscience, to teach people that there is an invisible world and a future state, and then to engraft on this teaching deadly errors concerning our relations to both, as to teach them that there is no invisible or future world at all. This last falsehood is, in reality, repugnant to conscience and to the natural aspirations and instincts of the human mind. I doubt whether many of the educated men who maintain it really believe it in their hearts. But errors of the former kind, though conscience rebukes them, are far less unpalatable, and if authenticated by apparent witness from the unseen world itself, may be much less easily uprooted. I don't mean that this is by any means all that can be said on the matter. The devil may very often find it to his purpose to teach a partial truth, for the sake of building a fabric of falsehood upon it, and of acquiring a sort of credit and authority from the character of the truth which he has taught and from its universal reception. Sometimes it may suit his purpose to put forward one truth for the sake of denying another; sometimes he may be compelled to tell the truth by a power greater than his own. But there is one other general result of the revelations, so to call them, of Spiritism, as to which I should like to hear what you have to say. I might grant you that there is a general conclusion from them in favour of the existence of a world of spirits. Now, is there not also a general conclusion in favour of the equality of all religions? Do you not fairly gather, not only from direct statements made in these manifestations, but also from a comparison of one set of statements with another as to their general import, that Christianity is partly right and partly



wrong, that men may be saved—if there is such a thing as salvation—anywhere, that one religion is good for one person, and another for another, that, in fact, all men will be ultimately brought to a state of happiness, whether they have been good or bad, and that the same may be said of all spiritual existences, whether human or not? Surely, the mere fact that the spirits are Calvinists at Geneva and fervent Catholics at Munich, that they profess a vague sort of Christianity, if Christianity it can be called, here in England, while in America they hardly rise to the level of what may be called the lowest forms of nominal Christianity—this fact must have as strong a tendency to persuade people of Universalism as the general fact of the manifestations themselves must have to convince them of the existence of a spiritual world! You yourself can't say that you believe what these manifestations imply. You may be certain that materialism is wrong, that it is better to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ than to follow Unitarianism; but you must think that the spirits were wrong when they induced any one to become a Catholic. I suspect, if the truth were known, that these conversions to Catholicism proceed from other causes: but that must pass. Now, you talk of materialism as one of the dangers of the day, and that may be true; but is not the vague religion, if it can so be called, for it is rather an opinion, which goes by the name of Universalism, another? And can it be denied, that if it were the object of any well organised body of men to propagate the doctrines of this false creed, they would deal with the established truths of Christianity and with those facts of human existence which Christianity presupposes, much in the same way as these spirit manifestations, taken in general, deal with them? They may preach the existence of the spiritual world, much as Mahomet preached the unity of God, with the same bad object and the same disastrous result. No falsehood is ever sent into the world by Satan pure and unmixed, it must have an ingredient of truth, otherwise it cannot live; and some of the most mischievous delusions have been those which had a large proportion of truth in them. No—if the spirits stopped short at proving or asserting their own existence, without more, your argument might be less open to the objection I am now urging; but as they have not done so, the errors which they propagate must be considered in all fairness, even on your own ground, to counterbalance the truths which they imply."

"Before you go on, Julia," I said, "I should like to ask Charles Kingshill what he means by the spirits being Calvinists

at Geneva and fervent Catholics at Munich. I am just now occupied in selecting facts as to this question, and this one is new to me. You seem, Charles, to allude to some particular manifestations?"

"The pity about all this subject," said Kingshill, "is that people so soon forget what has passed only a few years ago. Indeed, the whole matter is by no means really new, reckoning as new anything that has passed in our own time and never before. But I was thinking, certainly, of some manifestations at Geneva and Munich about which there was a good deal of talk some sixteen or seventeen years ago. A good many people talked of magnetism then rather than of Spiritism, but there seems to be little difference between the phenomena. You shall have the history presently, when we go into the library. Now, Towan," he said, turning to the husband of the authoress, "please to listen with favour to the proposal I am going to make. You have come over to see us on this very uncomfortable morning, and you ought to allow us to take care of you till the weather is brighter. Suppose you give us your company this evening, and let us send over to Danelych for Mrs. Towan Moore's maid, who can bring whatever she and you want for the night. Don Venanzio, whom you are always glad to meet, will be here to dinner, and we can talk over the *séances* to our heart's content; moreover, he can give us the theology of the subject."

Gertrude warmly seconded her husband's proposal, and, although we had begun by fearing that Julia would bore us to death, we all joined in the petition that they would stay. The weather looked somewhat blacker than before luncheon, and there seemed less chance of a walk. But if the Towan Moores stayed for the night, we might still get out in the afternoon as much as our opportunities allowed. After some resistance on the part of the great lady, the arrangement was agreed to, and we all strolled into the library to continue the discussion which had been broken off.

## Vasco da Gama.

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IN our remarks on the publications of the Hakluyt Society in the November number of the MONTH, we instanced Lord Stanley's translation from Correa's *Lendas da India* of Vasco da Gama's voyages as rarely interesting. Our readers will, we think, like to have a short account of a work not generally accessible, but which is most valuable as a new contribution to the story of that Portuguese enterprise by which the ocean way to India was discovered, and the tide of commerce was turned aside from its ancient currents. We welcome truthful narratives from witnesses of that important time which saw the great outburst of European power that had been accumulated during the "ages of faith." Contemporary accounts of the splendid founders of our supremacy in both East and West have become increasingly precious in proportion as historic truth has been sophisticated. An accurate record of Gama's so-called "conquest" of India, with the episodes of manners which it would include, should, besides, have a special interest for us Englishmen, who just now hold the sceptre forfeited by Portugal. And Correa's narrative is a store of curious information, "done" by its translator into English that Swift or Defoe might have put into the mouths of Robinson Crusoe or Captain Gulliver.

The *Lendas da India* remained comparatively unknown until 1790, when the Lisbon Academy searched for a complete manuscript of it, with the intention of printing it. Only in 1836 were the second, third, and fourth volumes, written by Correa's own hand, secured. Some years later the keeper of the archives heard of a copy of the first volume in the shop of a confectioner. Another exists in the royal library of Ajuda, and that used by Lord Stanley is the property of the Duke of Gor, a manuscript that had been before unknown to the Lisbon editors. The reproduction of so rare a work is an event in literature, for few historians of Indian affairs have had access to Correa's narrative, and yet of all the early chroniclers he had the best means of knowing the truth as to the Portuguese settlement. He was an eye-witness of events in Goa from 1514—sixteen years after

Gama's first voyage—to 1567, or even later, and while secretary to Alfonso Albuquerque, the second Governor, he became possessed of a diary kept by a Priest, Joam Figueiro, who had accompanied Gama in his discoveries. He therefore had trustworthy materials at command for his history, which relates the events of the first fifty-three years of Portuguese government. "I laboured with much care," he says, "upon the events which I saw and those which had gone before, inquiring of the older men who had been in this discovery, and removing doubts by means of the same men who had been present at the events."

Englishmen are ordinarily unacquainted with the great Portuguese epic, but though they may not have read the pure and stately poem of Camoens, they probably know that Vasco da Gama is the hero of the *Lusiad*, and owes much of his renown to the circumstance. It would be hard otherwise to account for the caprice which gives him in most men's thoughts pre-eminence over Magellan and other leaders of Portuguese enterprise. Certainly, however, the noble verse of the *Lusiad* might immortalise a lesser man than the firm proud gentleman chosen by King Manuel to follow up the discoveries of Joam Infante and Bartholomew Diaz. Vasco da Gama was born in the fishing town of Sines, on the Atlantic, half-way between Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent, where is still to be seen the small church on the top of a cliff which was built by the great navigator after his appointment as Viceroy of India, according to an inscription which Lord Stanley reproduces in *fac-simile*. The year of his birth is said to have been 1469. He came of a valiant race, now represented by the Marquises of Niza, but he himself was an untried gentleman of the household when, "one day, the King, sitting in his hall of business at a table with his officers, giving orders, by chance raised his eyes, and Vasco da Gama happened to cross through the hall. He was a discreet man, of good understanding, and of great courage for any good deed. Dom Manuel called him, and he kneeled before the King, who said to him—"I should rejoice if you would undertake a service which I require of you, in which you must labour much." And so the discovery of India was committed to the young man's charge."

"Gama's great quality," writes Lord Stanley, "was his indomitable constancy," but his achievements were stained by cruelties, and in his dealings with the nations he visited there was a dissimulation and treachery which sapped from the first the foundations of Portuguese colonisation in the Eastern seas. Christianity was ill-served by Gama's deeds among the Moors

and heathens. In the Philippine Islands our readers have seen what has been effected by justice and religion, and the reverse lesson is enforced by Gama's expeditions, illustrated as they were by brilliant valour, wisdom, and perseverance. It is good to be reminded, as in frequent notes Lord Stanley reminds us, that the injustice of European dealings with men of other races was earnestly condemned even during the first flush of mediæval discovery, while, as he observes, "the seizure of territory is now constantly proposed with even less show of pretext than in former times, for it is advocated merely on grounds of expediency." That the temper of Gama's time was better is shown by several passages in the *Lusiad* expressing just condemnation of the crimes that were begotten by commercial avarice. Of the domination of the Portuguese, Camoens writes (Lord Stanley uses a literal translation made by Captain R. Burton)—

But o'er all Ind ambition and of gain  
The greed, that raise up openly the face  
Against their God and justice, these shall fain  
Disgust thy soul, but do thee no disgrace.  
Who worketh injury reasonless and vain,  
With force engendered by his power of place,  
Nought conquereth; the sole true conqueror he  
Who knows to render justice fair and free.

Correa confesses in his Preface that an iron age soon followed the "gilded commencement" of European rule. "Evils increased, the benefits diminished; thus almost everything changed into lively ills, so that the narrator of them might with reason be called the imprecator and not the eulogist of such illustrious deeds."

"During the reign of Dom Joam, the second of that name in the kingdom of Portugal," writes our historian, "in the year 1484, there came to Portugal the King of Benin, a Caffre by nation, and he became Christian, with many of his people, as must be related in his chronicle. From this King and from his people the said King Dom Joam collected much information about India and its affairs, for he was very desirous to learn with much certainty that the King of it was Prester John, who was a Christian and the lord of great riches." To gain further knowledge, in the same year Dom Joam sent secretly two of his equerries to travel "in many parts." They passed, we learn, by Venice to Mekkah, and one of them reached Calicut, to die, however, at Ormuz on his return. The second was detained in Abyssinia by Prester John, and Dom Joam grew impatient to

know further of the mysterious East, and would not await his equerry's return. He fitted out four caravels, and gave the command of them jointly to Bartholomew Diaz and Joam Infante, the true discoverers of the Cape of Good Hope—called by them the Cape of Storms, until the King ordered that it should bear its name of better omen. They sailed in 1486, and discovered 350 leagues of unknown coast, when their provisions failed and their crews insisted on returning. The successor of Dom Joam on the throne, Dom Manuel, besides his ambition to divert some of the Venetian trade, seems to have been incited to designs of Indian conquest by the Jewish astronomer, Zacut, who promised him success in the name of both astrological and geographical science. Ships that had been some time building for the Indian venture were fully equipped, and "the King was full of care both day and night as to whom he should intrust this great enterprise." The affair did not languish in young Gama's hands. He chose his elder brother Paulo and a friend, Nicholas Coelho, to be his associate captains, and the ships *San Miguel*, *San Gabriel*, and *San Rafael* were quickly manned. After solemn Mass on "the day of our Lady of March," and amid weeping farewell from the spectators of their embarkation, the fleet sailed out of the Lisbon river, a scene dwelt on by Camoens, who puts in the mouth of an old man the forebodings of the populace in language so beautiful, even when translated, that we are tempted to quote it—

He spoke

From a full heart; and skilled in worldly lore,  
In deep slow tones this solemn warning, fraught  
With wisdom, by long suffering only taught:

"O passion of dominion! O fond lust  
Of that poor vanity which men call fame!  
O treacherous appetite, whose highest gust  
Is vulgar breath that taketh honour's name!  
O fell ambition, terrible but just  
Art thou to breasts who cherish most thy flame!  
Brief life for them is peril, storm, and rage,  
This world a hell and death their heritage.

Shrewd prodigal! whose riot is the dearth  
Of States and Principalities opprest;  
Plunder and rape are of thy loathly birth;  
Thou art alike of life and soul the pest.  
High titles greet thee on this slavish earth,  
Yet none so vile but they would fit thee best.  
But Fame, forsooth, and Glory thou art styled,  
And the blind herd is by a sound beguiled."

The story of hardship and struggle is well told as Gama and his ships tacked out in the unknown ocean that seethed round the shores of South Africa, and the captain's courage alone kept his crews from losing heart. A great storm overtook the adventurers as they struck northwards again from a region where Correa says there was "almost not six hours of sunlight in the sky," and a mutiny broke out among the men, which strained Gama's energy and wisdom to the utmost. Immediately after scurvy appeared, which seems not before to have been known, or at least recorded, in the Portuguese navy, but a rest given to the crews, in the mouth of a great river called by them "of Mercy," while the ships were careened and repaired, restored their spirits. They weighed anchor with new hopes, and running along the coast to Mozambique, they overtook a boat and captured a Moor, who proved useful to them in their future intercourse with the people of the places they touched at. Rejoicing at the sight of the houses of Mozambique, they entered the port with their standard flying, and sent their Moor on shore to explain Gama's desire to establish amity and trade with the inhabitants. But the Sheikh having shown symptoms of treachery, the Portuguese captain sent him a reproachful message by one of the ten convicts allotted by King Manuel for the like dangerous duties, and sailed for Quiloa. Meantime, an unfortunate reputation had preceded the Europeans. They were announced as "Christians and robbers, who came to plunder and spy the countries under the device that they were merchants." So when the Portuguese anchored at the bar of Mombaza, a "great city of trade with many ships," they were received with diplomatic gifts, but real distrust. At Mombaza were persons, probably Abyssinian Christians, who kissed and put on their eyes some "beads with crosses," and, according to the historian Barros, showed their European visitors a picture of the Holy Spirit painted as a white dove, and of the Twelve Apostles.

With difficulty Gama escaped the treachery of the Mombaza pilots, and forced a way through the reefs and currents that surround the port—a passage that has inspired Camoens with one of his most beautiful descriptions. At Melinde, their next station, the Portuguese were cordially received. The King swore friendship with his brother of Portugal, presents were exchanged, and Gama permitted himself a repose of four months, from April to August, 1498, before he departed for the Indian coast in charge of pilots supplied to him by the King of Melinde. "Sailing with a fair wind, in twenty days they got sight of land, which the pilots



foretold before that they saw it ; this was a great mountain which is on the coast of India in the kingdom of Cananor, which the people of the country call Mount Dely, because in this mountain there were so many rats that they never could make a village there." The diviners of Cananor had "conversed with their devils," and a wise soothsayer said that "these men will not bring so many people with them to seize upon countries and realms, but those who come, in whatever numbers they may be, will be able to prevail more with their ships than all as many as go upon the sea, on which account they must be masters of the sea, in which case, of necessity the people of the land must obey them." The fleet did not, however, at that time put into Cananor, but sailed on to Calicut, the King or Zamorim of which country was the chief potentate of all that coast, and vain and rich in proportion. With much craft Gama negotiated an admission to the city, and "then came from the shore a large boat, in which there was a servant of the King, a gentleman of birth, whom they called Nair. He came without clothes, except a white cloth which covered him from the middle to half the thighs. He had a very thin round shield, with stripes of wood and vermilion, which glittered very much, and a naked sword with an iron hilt. His hair was pressed down upon his head ; he was a very dark man and very well made."

The success of the Christian diplomacy excited the jealousy of the Moorish traders, who had for 600 years monopolised the Calicut exports, but a Castilian Moor preserved Gama and his followers from their secret snares. After much deliberation, the Portuguese captain resolved to brave all risks, and go on shore with twelve of his men, taking letters and presents for the King, which, however, were despised by the magnificent Indian monarch. After tedious negotiation, leave to trade was given to the Europeans, who in their first dealings were careful to appear simple men and easy bargainers, content to take goods that the Moors rejected. In obedience to the orders of the Nairs they wore no arms, and Gama was attired *only* in a tunic of red satin and an overcoat of scarlet cloth. By the treachery of an officer called the Catual of the gate, the Portuguese were detained on shore and treated with scant courtesy, but no actual suffering was inflicted on the party, for the Catual "well knew that although the King was very covetous, and might easily practise some exaction upon them, yet to take their ships and put them to death, that he would never do so, because he would not choose to incur so great a stain upon his honour." Indeed, when the

Zamorim heard of Gama's ill-treatment he sent apologies, and desired that the lading of the foreign ships should be completed.

When liberated, Gama set sail for Cananor, where they were welcomed. Lord Stanley supplies, in a note, some Persian lines written in the year 1174, which may be given as an example of the prophecies quoted by the Indian diviners when the Portuguese appeared on their coast :—

The nation of the Christians shall seize upon the whole of Hindostan ;  
Then, when tyranny and innovation shall have become a custom among them,  
The King of the West shall fight against them victoriously ;  
Between them there shall be great wars.  
The Christians without doubt shall be defeated ;  
Islam shall remain victorious for forty years in the realm of Hind.  
After that Dajjal\* shall appear in Isfahan.  
To drive out Dajjal—listen to what I say—  
Jesus comes, and the Mehdy of the end of time shall come.

The King of Cananor, wise in his generation, sent assurances of amity to Dom Manuel ; a gold leaf was prepared on which it was recorded that the Europeans might establish a factory at Cananor, and the alliance was signed by the King and the Portuguese Captain Coelho. Gama's object was accomplished, and he sailed for Europe in November, 1498, warned, as Camoens relates, by a friendly Moor to leave the Indian coast before the yearly fleet of Arab merchants should arrive. Correa gives a minute description of the Moorish vessels, and by his account of how they reefed their sails, he appears to intimate that the custom had been unknown to the Portuguese navigators. Before the arrival of Gama, the Indian trade seems to have been entirely monopolised by Arabian merchants ; probably Gama's fierce determination to crush it was evoked by European memories of the feud between Christian and Saracen.

In January, on their return journey, the ships touched at the friendly port of Melinde. The King loaded Gama with gifts, and sent to the Queen of Portugal "a piece of ambergris set in silver of the length of half an ell, and of the thickness of a man's waist." Among the presents was "a large jar of ginger preserved with sugar, for the captain-major, and another for Paulo da Gama which they were to eat at sea when they were cold." On the day of St. Sebastian, the 20th of January, 1499, the sails were loosed, and the adventurers steered for home, the pilots noting the line of coast, and the Priest, Joam Figueiro, writing down everything in a note-book, of which, writes Correa, many copies were afterwards

\* Dajjal signifies Antichrist.

made. Passing the Cape of Good Hope, the pleasure of all was so great that they embraced each other with great joy ; they then all knelt down with their hands raised up to Heaven, uttering great praise for the benefits which had been granted to them.

But the joy of return was marred by the death of Paulo da Gama, Vasco's elder brother, and second in command ; a captain whose fame is unobscured by the cruelty shown by Vasco, and whose chivalrous and kindly nature probably restrained his passionate brother during the first voyage. Vasco loved him much, and sailed from Terceira, where Paulo had died, with extreme regret and affliction, though he knew that a magnificent reception awaited him at Lisbon. There were great rejoicings in Dom Manuel's Court ; but the King was somewhat niggardly in his rewards, preserving a trader's spirit even in the first flush of his Indian "conquest," and though he gave Gama a patent by which he was to go as captain-general in any fleet which should sail for India, the subsequent career of Gama, and his inaction for many years, suggest that Dom Manuel was not without jealousy and suspicion of his captain-general.

"Reckoning up from the day that Dom Vasco"—for the King had bestowed on him that title—"left Lisbon until the day on which he entered it, he went thirty-two months on this voyage ;" and according to other authorities quoted by Lord Stanley, he left Portugal with one hundred and forty-eight men, and returned with fifty-five. While Gama reposed himself, the impatient Manuel sent out a fresh expedition under Pedralvares Cabral, who accidentally discovered Brazil by steering too far west, but who was unfortunate in his Indian ventures. In a Moorish outbreak at Calicut, the Portuguese factor there, and some of his men, had been killed ; not, however, without having committed various lawless acts, capturing and sinking Indian ships under the pretext that the King of Portugal was lord of the sea and land. Cabral took vengeance for their death by burning all the ships in the port of Calicut, and bombarding the town with great destruction of people, killing, it was said, four hundred persons. On Cabral's return to Portugal with but seven ships out of the thirteen that had composed his fleet, a fresh expedition was immediately organised to make war upon Calicut ; and after some apologetic ceremony to soften Cabral's mortification, Gama was put in command. Ten large vessels and five lateen-rigged caravels were well armed and equipped, and the captain-general sailed on his second voyage in different mood from his first venturous but amicable attempt to establish Indian commerce. "Eight hundred

men-at-arms, honourable men, and many gentlemen of birth, with the captain-major and others his relations and friends, with the captains," accompanied him. His plan of leaving "a fleet and a supply of men to lord it over the Indian sea" greatly pleased the King, "because the expenditure they would incur at sea would be gained by the prizes which they would make."

As conquerors, Gama and his companions passed along the African coast. At Sofala one of his lieutenants established trade with the King, who seems not to have shared in the learning and cultivation elsewhere met by the Portuguese. He and his people had never seen people write, and "they said that the paper spoke by art of the devil." At Quiloa, Gama found a large city well built of stone and mortar. Much craft was shown on both sides while Gama manœuvred to force the King into paying tribute to Dom Manuel. "It is better to be a jackal at large than a greyhound bound with a golden leash," said the Moorish chief. He was, however, forced to comply with Gama's terms, and the Portuguese went on shore to amuse themselves, without, Correa observes, doing any damage except to the affections of two hundred "beautiful women," who fled from their Moorish husbands to the foreign ships. They offered to become Christians if Gama would take them away in the fleet; but he acted with prudence, and agreed with the King of the place that all who were claimed by their husbands should be sent back. About forty remained, who were "put into locked cabins," and afterwards some of them returned in the fleet to Portugal.

Gama's reception at Melinde was friendly and magnificent, and among the presents sent by the King to his brother of Portugal was a "bedstead of Cambay wrought with gold and mother-of-pearl," and an embroidered canopy of Bengal needlework "like none other that had ever been seen." From Melinde Gama held the now familiar course to Cananor, by the way burning Moorish ships with great butchery of their crews—as a reprisal on the Moors of Calicut, who had been unfriendly to the Portuguese. At Cananor, trade was established on principles that did not promise well for its stability. Gama desired that prices according to his estimate should be fixed "for everything, which should last for ever." He left a fleet behind to see that no navigators should be permitted to trade except those who carried a certificate signed by the Portuguese factor. It is hardly strange that the powerful Zamorim of Calicut should have been driven to bay by the evident ambition of the Christians. He endeavoured to gain time, and sent a Brahmin in the habit of a Friar to negotiate with

Gama. The Zamorim offered to give up the Moorish ringleaders in the attack on the factory at Calicut, and twenty thousand cruzados to pay for the goods which were then plundered, "for his honour's sake," but with the Portuguese he desired neither peace or war. The proposition highly displeased Gama, who next day bombarded the city with great destruction; and then stood out to sea, leaving one of his officers, Sodré, with six sail, to watch the port. It is humiliating to read of Gama's cruelties to the Moorish crews which he intercepted on their way from Coromandel with rice. We gladly turn from the sickening details to an incident which Correa thinks "in reason ought not to be forgotten. There came in these vessels of Moors of Coromandel natives of the country, who seeing the executions which were being carried out—for they hung up some men by the feet in the vessels which were sent ashore, and when thus hung up the captain-major ordered the cross-bow men to shoot arrows into them, that the people on shore might see it; and when it was intended to do the same to these men of Coromandel, they called out that they should make them Christians, naming Thomas, who had been in their country, and they shouted this out, and raised their hands to Heaven. This from pity was reported to the captain-general, who ordered them to be told that even though they became Christians, still he would kill them. They answered that they did not beg for life, but only to be made Christians. Then, by order of the captain-general, the Priest gave them holy Baptism. They were three who entreated the Priest, saying that they wished for once only to say our prayer; and the Priest said the *Pater noster* and the *Ave Maria*, which they also repeated. When this was finished, they hung them up strangled, that they might not feel the arrows. The cross-bow men shot arrows and transfixd the others, but the arrows which struck these did not go into them, nor make any mark upon them, but fell down. This having been seen in the case of many arrows which they shot at them to confirm themselves—for it was always so, and no arrow wounded them—it was told to the captain-general, and grieved him much; and he ordered them to be shrouded and put in baskets, and the Priest commended them with his psalms for the dead, and they cast them into the sea, all saying prayers for their souls as for faithful Christians."

With the King of Cochym and the Queen of Coulam, Gama made alliances and interchanged gifts, making again arrangements about prices "which should last for ever." Lord Stanley quotes from Osorio, Barros, and San Roman, an account of a mission

sent by the Christians of St. Thomas, whose number might be more than 30,000 souls. "The admiral, however, only gave them good words;" and the translator remarks that if their envoy had offered trade in spices, instead of only asking protection for their religion, their mission would have been more successful. Meantime the Zamorim had prepared as large a fleet as his resources, strained to the utmost, could command. "There were so many sail that our people did not see the end of them," when Victor Sodré and the squadron he commanded came across the motley crowd of large ships, fustas, and sambuks. The Moors fought with desperation, but the Portuguese gained a complete victory; and finally established the European terror on the Indian coast. Leaving six sail with Sodré, to enforce the Portuguese supremacy, and "regulate prices," Gama sailed for Lisbon, and arrived there with ten ships laden with very great wealth. The King received the successful captain with extraordinary favour, and granted him the anchorage dues of India, making him Admiral of its seas for ever.

The subsequent inaction of Gama is not easily accounted for, except that his glory and wealth had excited Dom Manuel's jealousy. Not until 1524 is the figure of this "very disdainful man" again prominent in Portuguese annals. With kingly magnificence he went out to Goa in that year as Viceroy of the India he had "conquered." He was "ready to anger, very rash, much feared and respected, very knowing and experienced in all matters." Much work was ready for such a man, for the "golden commencements" of his first discoveries had long since been changed to iron tyranny in the hands of the lieutenants sent to carry on the trade of Portugal by the sword and firelock. The squabbles of the factors are hardly interesting, and the severities shown to them by Gama have a sort of retributive justice which checks our pity. Probably a firm hand such as his was urgently needed, even though he did order some women to be flogged and some captains to be degraded. But he did not long survive his arrival in India, and died on Christmas Eve in 1524. He was temporarily buried in the cathedral at Cochym, but his remains were transferred in 1558 to the tomb at Vidigueira, of which place the King had made him Count. He died with "much perfection as a Catholic Christian;" and among other restitutions and good deeds, he sent to the women whom he had ordered to be flogged at Goa a hundred thousand reis for each one. "The women with this money found good husbands, and became honest women," writes Correa, who at that time was himself an eye-

witness of Indian affairs. Gama's sons returned to Portugal, to be much honoured by the King.

Lord Stanley supplies in a note an extract from a journal of Mr. Chisholm Anstey, who visited Cochym in 1857, and who describes the ruin of the once prosperous settlement. A ruin, we are sorry to say, effected by the orders of the East India Company in 1806, in fear lest Mr. Fox might restore it and other Dutch colonies to Holland. The quay and public buildings had been magnificent, and were entirely shattered—only a solitary tower was left to tell where had stood the cathedral and where Gama's remains had rested.

Notwithstanding his cruelty, Gama's is not the least noble figure among the great leaders of European piracy; and we need not affect to condemn his unscrupulous determination to "open up" countries for trading purposes, when we ourselves can applaud the "expeditions" of Sir S. Baker, and rejoice in the despairing suicide of the Abyssinian King. The deeds of some Catholic sea-rovers roused earnest condemnation and rebuke from the jurists and theologians of their faith and time. It remains for ours to have lost even the sense of wrong when "niggers" are "civilised" to their destruction, and consuls are avenged with a double ruin—to the ignorant poor at home, and to the helpless tribes to whom we teach "Gospel," but not law, by vigorous bombardment and all the arts well known to "smart officers." Meantime, we have to thank Lord Stanley for his translation of a work from which important lessons may be learned. Perhaps the most prominent among them is the truth that no superiority of race will in the long-run preserve men from the reaction of their own lawlessness, and that the worst barbarism may overtake even the most refined who neglect in their dealings with barbarians the justice which is the common heritage of mankind.



## Germelshausen: or, A Strange Village.

*(From the German of Gerstaecker.)*

### PART THE SECOND.

AT last they had reached the further end, and lively as the village itself might be, everything here was still, solitary, and deathlike. The gardens looked as if they had not been trimmed for many years, grass grew in the pathways, and the young stranger noticed again that there was not a single apple or pear on any of the trees. Several people met them, among whom Arnold recognised the funeral procession on its way home. The mourners returned to the village as silently as they had left it. Arnold and his companion involuntarily bent their steps towards the cemetery. Wishing to cheer his guide, who had become very pensive, Arnold described other places he had visited, and how things went on in the outer world. She had never seen a railway, never even heard of one, and listened to his account with astonishment and attention. She knew nothing of the telegraph, or of any other recent inventions; and the young artist could not understand how it was possible that people could be found living in Germany so completely shut out from the rest of the world.

During this conversation they reached "God's acre," and here he was equally struck by the antiquity of the head-stones and monuments, simple as they all were.

"This is an old stone indeed," said he, as he bent over the nearest, and with some difficulty deciphered the inscription: "Anna Maria Berthold, born Siegliz. Born December 1, 1181; died December 2, 1224."

"That is my mother," said Gertrude, gravely, as two large bright tears filled her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Your mother, dear Gertrude!" said Arnold, in amazement; "your ancestress you mean."

"No," she replied, "my own mother. My father married again, and she you saw at home is my step-mother."

"But this stone says she died in 1224?"

"What matters the year?" she said, mournfully; "it is sad enough to be parted from one's mother, and yet," she added gently, and in a tone of deepest anguish, "perhaps it was as well that God took her when He did."

Arnold shook his head, and stooped over the stone to examine the inscription more closely, thinking, perhaps, that the first 2 in the date of the year might really be an 8; but the second 2 was exactly like

the other, and 1884 was impossible. It might have been a mistake of the stone-cutter, and Gertrude appeared so absorbed in thoughts of the departed that he did not like to disturb her with any more questions. He left her for a time by the stone, on which she had sunk down in prayer, and went to examine the other monuments; but all, without exception, bore dates of many hundred years back; no newer stone could be found, although that burials still took place there, the last fresh grave bore witness. From the low churchyard wall, there was a very good view of the village, and Arnold seized the opportunity to make a sketch of it. But even over this spot hung the extraordinary smoke, while the sunshine was falling brightly over the distant hills and woods. At this moment, the old cracked bell struck the hour, and Gertrude, starting up in haste and dashing the tears from her eyes, invited the young man to follow her. Arnold was quickly by her side.

"Now," said she, smiling, "we must grieve no more; the church bell gives notice that it is time to dance. You have till now been under the impression that we of Germelshausen are melancholy folks; this evening you shall be convinced of the contrary."

"But those are surely the church doors, and I see nobody coming out."

"That is but natural," laughed the young girl, "because no one has been in, not even the Priest. Only the old sacristan allows himself no rest, and goes through the form of ringing the bells."

"And none of you go to church?"

"No, neither to Mass nor to confession," she replied, composedly; "we have a quarrel with the Pope, who lives among the Italians, and he won't allow it until we obey him again."

"Well, this is the first I have heard of it!"

"Ah!" said she, carelessly, "it was a long time ago. Look, there comes the sacristan out of the church alone, shutting the doors; he will not go this evening to the inn, but sit quietly at home."

"But the Priest comes?"

"Oh, that he does, and is the merriest of the party; he does not take it at all to heart."

"But when did all this happen?" asked Arnold, less interested in the facts themselves, than in her ingenuous manner of relating them.

"Ah," she said, "it is a long story, and the Priest has written it all out in a large, thick book. You can read it there, if it amuses you, and you understand Latin. But mind and say nothing about it when my father is by, for he hates the subject. Look! here come all the young people out of the houses. I must make haste home and dress, that I may not be the last."

"And the first dance, Gertrude?"

"Is yours, that I promise you."

Both quickly retraced their steps back to the village, which was animated with a very different spirit from that of the morning. Joyous groups of young people were collected everywhere, all dressed

in their best; and at the inn to which they were flocking, garlands of flowers hung from the windows, and triumphant arches were raised at the doors. When Arnold saw everybody so smart, he felt that his travelling costume would never do; so he hastily pulled his best coat out of his knapsack, and had just completed a hurried toilet when Gertrude knocked at his door, and called him out. And strangely beautiful she looked in her simple, yet rich attire, as she cordially invited him to accompany her, leaving her father and mother to follow later.

"She doesn't take Henry's absence much to heart," he thought gaily, as he drew her arm in his, and hastened in the deepening twilight to the dancing-hall; but he took care not to express his thoughts on that subject, for the strange emotion that he had felt before thrilled his breast, and his heart beat higher in his bosom as he felt that fair girl hang on his arm.

"I must leave you to-morrow," sighed he, gently; almost involuntarily the words were whispered in the ear of his companion.

She replied, with a smile, "Do not trouble yourself about that; we shall be a long time together, longer, perhaps, than you will like."

"Should you like me then, Gertrude, to stay with you?" he asked, the blood rushing to his temples as he spoke.

"Of course I should," was her naive reply; "you are so good and kind, and my father likes you so much, and—Henry is not yet come!" she added indignantly.

"And if he should come to-morrow?"

"*To-morrow!*" said Gertrude, fixing on him her large, dark eyes, full of deep meaning. "A long, long night lies between. *To-morrow!* you will know to-morrow what that word means. But no more of that now"—breaking off in a more cheerful tone—"this is our festival, to which we have been looking forward so long, so very long; and we must not spoil it with melancholy thoughts. Here we are at the inn. The company will be surprised to see I have brought a new dancer with me."

Arnold would have questioned her further, but the loud music which sounded from within quite drowned his words. They were curious tunes that the musicians played; he did not recognise one of them, and was at first quite dazzled by the glare of the numerous lights. Gertrude led him into the middle of the hall, where a crowd of young peasant girls stood chattering together, and there left him to himself that he might look about him before the dance began, and become acquainted with the other young men. The artist did not at first feel very comfortable amongst so many strange faces; the remarkable costume and dialect of the people perplexed him, and sweet as that unaccustomed accent might sound from Gertrude's lips, it seemed very harsh when spoken by others. The young men seemed disposed to be friendly, and one coming up, took him by the hand, saying, "So you are going to stay with us, sir; we lead a merry life, and the interval passes very fast."

"What interval?" asked Arnold, less astonished by the expression than by the youth's appearing so convinced that he intended to make the village his home. "You mean until I return?"

"You mean to go?" asked the other, hastily.

"To-morrow, yes—or the day after to-morrow; but I am coming back."

"To-morrow?" laughed the young man. "Oh, that's all right. Yes, we can talk about that *to-morrow*. But come, that I may show you some of our amusements; because if you really mean to go away to-morrow, you may not have such another opportunity."

The bystanders laughed significantly together, and the young peasant, again taking Arnold's arm, led him right through the house, which was full of joyous guests. The first room they came to was occupied by card-players, each with a heap of gold before him. A second was devoted to the national game of ninepins, and a third to round games, and other sportive amusements; the young girls walking up and down, laughing and talking with their cavaliers, till a burst of music from the instruments, the signal for the dance, was given, and Gertrude stood by Arnold's side, and touched his arm.

"Come," she said, "we must not be the last, for as the justice's daughter, I must open the ball."

"What a strange melody that is," said Arnold; "how I shall dance to it, I cannot imagine."

"It will soon come," laughed Gertrude; "in five minutes you will feel at home in it, and I will help you through."

All now pressed gaily forward into the dancing-room, with the exception of the card-players, and in the bliss of holding that beautiful girl in his arms, Arnold forgot everything else. Again and again he danced with Gertrude, and though the other maidens made significant signs as they passed, no one attempted to dispute his right to his fair partner. One circumstance alone startled him. Close to the inn stood the old church, and from the hall could plainly be heard the shrill, discordant strokes of the old cracked bell. The effect of the first stroke was as if the wand of a magician had touched the assembly. The music broke off suddenly, and every one of the gay crowd stood motionless, silently counting the hour. With the last stroke, new life and merriment returned. This occurred at eight, at nine, and at ten o'clock, and when Arnold would have asked the reason, Gertrude put her finger on her lips, and looked so grave and sorrowful, that for the world he would not have vexed her by asking again.

At about ten o'clock there was a pause, and the musicians, whose lungs ought to have been of iron, preceded the young people into the supper-room. There all was merriment; the wine flowed freely, and Arnold, who could only do as others did, began to calculate the hole this wonderful evening would make in his travelling purse. But Gertrude sat close by him, and drank with him out of the same glass,

and how could he dwell upon such sordid cares? And suppose Henry came to-morrow?

Eleven began to strike, and, as before, the revellers were silent, while there was the breathless counting of the slow, dull strokes. A strange horror came over Arnold, he knew not why; and he thought of his home and his mother. Slowly he raised his glass to his lips, and drank to the dear ones far away. The clock had struck, and the guests had sprung up from the table; the dance recommenced, and all hurried back to the hall.

"Whose health did you drink last?" asked Gertrude, as he drew her arm in his again.

He hesitated to answer. Would she laugh at him if he told her? No, she had prayed too tenderly that morning at her own mother's grave; and he answered in a low voice, "My mother's."

Gertrude said nothing as they ascended the stairs, but she laughed no more, and before beginning their dance, she asked him, "Do you love your mother so much?"

"Better than my life."

"And she loves you?"

"Does not a mother love her child?"

"And suppose you never went back to her?"

"Poor mother!" said Arnold, "her heart would break."

"The dance is beginning again," said she, hastily; "come, we must not lose a moment!"

And wilder than ever began the dance; so wildly, that Arnold began to wish himself out of it, and Gertrude also grew more grave and silent. Every moment the revel waxed higher and higher, and in a momentary pause, the old justice came up, patted the young man on the shoulder, and said, laughing, "That's right, young gentleman, shake your legs well to-night, you will have plenty of time to rest afterwards. Why, Trudchen, what are you looking so serious about? Is that a face for a dance? Be merry, I say! hear how they are going on! I must go and find my old lady, that we may have the last dance together. Keep it up! Those musicians are blowing their very breath out of their bodies." And humming a jolly chorus, he pressed through the crowd and disappeared.

Arnold was leading Gertrude to her place in the dance, but she suddenly drew back, seized his arm, and whispered, "Come!" He was allowed no time to ask where, for she glided from him, and escaped out of the hall.

"Where are you going, Trudchen?" asked one of her companions.

"I shall be back in a minute," was her brief answer, and in a few seconds she was standing with Arnold in the fresh night air.

"Where are you going, Gertrude?"

"Come!" Again she seized his arm, led him through the village to her father's house, into which she darted for a moment, and returned with a small bundle.

"What's that for?"

"Come!" was the sole reply, and she hurried him down the street, till the old walls of the village were left behind them. They had hitherto followed the broad highway, but now Gertrude struck off to the left, and up a small hillock, from which could be seen the illuminated doors and windows of the inn. Here she stood still, held out her hand to Arnold, and said earnestly—"Commend me to your mother. Farewell."

"Gertrude," he cried, in great agitation, "why do you send me from you like this in the middle of the night? Have I said one word to hurt you?"

"No, Arnold," she replied, for the first time calling him by name; "it is because I care for you that you must go."

"But I am not going to let you go back alone in the dark through the village," said Arnold, entreatingly. "You do not know how I love you, or the hold that you have taken on my heart in these few hours. You do not know——"

"Say no more," interrupted Gertrude, hastily; "we will not take leave of each other. When the clock has struck twelve—and it hardly wants ten minutes to it—then come back to the door of the inn. There I will wait for you."

"And till then——"

"Till then remain where you are. Promise me that you will not take a step, either to the right or to the left, till it has struck twelve."

"I promise, Gertrude; but then?"

"Then come," she said, held out her hand, and turned to go.

"Gertrude!" he cried, in the tone of the most bitter grief.

She hesitated one instant, then suddenly turned to him again, threw her arms round his neck, and he felt her icy lips pressed to his own. 'Twas but for one moment; the next she had tore herself away and fled to the village, and Arnold remained filled with wonder and excitement, but compelled by his promise to stay on the spot where she had left him.

Now, for the first time, he observed how the weather had changed in the last few hours. The wind howled in the trees, the heavens were covered with wild hurrying clouds, and several large raindrops gave warning of a coming storm. The lights from the inn shone brightly through the darkness, and occasional gusts of the wind brought the broken sound of the orchestra to his ears, but not for long. He had not been left alone many minutes before the old clock struck twelve.

In the same moment the music ceased, or was overpowered by the raging storm, which broke overhead so fiercely that Arnold was forced to crouch on the earth to avoid being blown off his feet. As he did so, he felt the bundle Gertrude had brought from the house. It was his knapsack and portfolio. He started up again in terror. The hour had struck, the wind howled as fiercely as ever, but not a light was any longer to be seen in the village. Even the dogs, which up to this time had been barking and howling, were now silent, and thick damp clouds rose up out of the valley.

"The time is up," muttered Arnold, as he threw his knapsack over his shoulder, "and I must see Gertrude once more, for I cannot part with her like this. The dance is over, and everybody must be going home; if the justice will not accommodate me for the night I must stay at the inn. I shall never find my way through the forest in the dark."

Carefully he descended the little eminence up which Gertrude had brought him, to return to the broad high-road which led into the village, but in vain did he grope among the bushes to find it. The ground had become soft and boggy, and in his thin boots he sank up to his ancles in mud, while a dense thicket of alders presented itself everywhere instead of the firm path. He could never have crossed it in the dark; he must find it if he went on, and, besides, he knew that the old wall of the village was just below, *that* he could not miss. But with all his pains he sought it in vain; the further he attempted to go the softer and more boggy became the ground, the bushes grew thicker, and so full of briars that his clothes were torn, and his hands streamed with blood. Coming from the village, had he taken the right or the left? He was afraid to bewilder himself still further, and having found a tolerably dry spot, he resolved to remain there until the clock had struck one. But it struck no more; not a dog howled, not a single human sound reached him, and with pain and difficulty, wet through, and shivering with cold, he struggled at last back to the hillock where Gertrude had left him. Twice from that spot he again attempted to pierce the thicket and find the village, but to no purpose. Completely exhausted, and filled with indescribable dread, he gave it up at last and sought the shelter of a tree, under which to pass the night.

Slowly, very slowly, passed the hours, for he was much too cold to hope for a moment's sleep. Every instant he was starting up to listen, fancying that he could hear the clang of the old bell again, but always finding himself mistaken. At length the first glimmer appeared in the east; the clouds had dispersed, the sky was clear and starry, the half-awakened birds chirped among the trees, and as the daylight increased he was able to recognise his position. But vain were his eager glances in search of the brown old church tower and the weather-worn roofs. Nothing but a thicket of alders, interspersed with a few stunted willows, extended on every side. Not a path was to be seen either right or left, nor any trace that a human dwelling was in the neighbourhood. The first rays of the sun now broke over the valley, and Arnold, determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, walked back a considerable part of the way he had come yesterday. He must, he thought, have missed his road, and have got gradually further from it in the dark, and, happen what may, he could find it now.

Presently he came to the stone where he had taken Gertrude's likeness—that spot he would have known among a thousand. He now knew exactly the way he had gone and the direction in which Germelshausen lay, and walked hastily back into the valley by the road which he had taken with Gertrude. Here he recognised the spot over



which he had seen the thick smoke; nothing but an alder-bush concealed the first houses from him—it was all right now. He reached it, forced his way through, and found himself in the same boggy morass through which he had been struggling in the night. Hardly believing his own senses, he tried to force a passage, but so wet was the swamp that he was obliged to return to the dry land. The village had disappeared.

In this useless search many hours had passed, and his weary limbs failed him entirely. He could do no more, and he must rest; at the first village that he reached he could easily ask for a guide to Germelshausen, and take care not to miss his road again. Tired to death he threw himself under a tree—a deplorable object in his best clothes, it must be confessed, but that troubled him little. He took out his portfolio, and from it Gertrude's portrait, gazing sorrowfully on her beloved features. Of the deep impression they had made on his heart he was now for the first time aware. The boughs parted behind him, a dog sprang forward, and, as he hastily started up, he saw an old forester standing near, and looking at him with considerable curiosity.

"God greet you," cried Arnold, rejoiced to see a human face, and thrusting the drawing back into his portfolio. "I am very glad to see you, friend, for I believe I have lost my way."

"H'm," said the old man, "I think so too, if you have been all night among the bushes, and Dillstedt, with a good inn, not half a mile off. Bless my heart, you look as if you had been up to your neck among the thorns and bog."

"You know the forest well, then?" asked Arnold.

"Rather," laughed the other, as he struck a light for his pipe.

"What is the name of the next village?"

"Dillstedt—just out yonder. Go up that little hill, and you will see it lie just below you."

"And how far is it to Germelshausen?"

"Where?" asked the forester, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"To Germelshausen?"

"Upon my word," said the old man, looking keenly at him, "I know the forest well enough, but how many fathoms deep in the earth the 'Enchanted Village' lies, God only knows, and it does not concern us."

"The enchanted village!" cried Arnold.

"Germelshausen—yes, exactly," said the forester. "Where the bog is now, with the old willows and alders, it is said to have stood many hundred years ago, after which it sank down, nobody knows why or where; and the story goes, that every hundred years, on a certain day, it returns to the light, though no Christian would wish to come upon it by accident. But, I tell you what, this sleeping among the bushes does not seem to have agreed with you—you look as if you had seen a ghost. Take a pull at my flask, it will do you good. Down with it."

"Much obliged."

"Oh, that was not half enough. Try it again; it's the right sort of stuff, I can tell you. And now make haste on to your inn, and get into a warm bed."

"At Dillstedt?"

"Yes, of course; there is no nearer."

"And Germelshausen?"

"Do me the favour not to mention that place again just on this particular spot. Leave the dead in peace, and especially those who are said to have no peace, and may be standing invisibly between us now."

"But yesterday," said Arnold, who could command himself no longer, "yesterday the village stood here; I was in it—eat, drank, and danced there."

The forester looked at the young man from head to foot; then replied, with a smile—"Yes, but it had another name, hadn't it? There was a dance at Dillstedt yesterday, and mine host brews such strong beer that you might well lose your way."

For all reply, Arnold opened his portfolio, and took out the sketch he had made from the churchyard.

"Do you know that village?"

"No," said the forester, shaking his head; "there is no such town as that in the whole neighbourhood."

"That is Germelshausen. And do your young peasant girls dress like this girl?"

"H'm! no; I can't say they do. But what a strange funeral procession you have there."

Arnold made no answer; he returned the sketches to his portfolio, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You can't mistake the road to Dillstedt," said the forester, kindly, for a suspicion crossed his mind that the stranger was not quite right in his head, "but I will go with you if you like; it will not take me much out of my way."

"Thank you," replied Arnold, "I can easily find it myself. Then it is only once in a hundred years that the village reappears?"

"So people say," returned the forester. "Whether it is true or not is more than I can tell you."

Arnold resumed his knapsack. "God be with you," he said to the forester, holding out his hand.

"And with you," replied the other. "Where are you going now?"

"To Dillstedt."

"That's right. Just beyond that little hill you will come upon the broad road."

Arnold turned away, and walked slowly on till he reached the summit of the hill. There he could see the whole valley; he stopped short and looked back.

"Farewell, Gertrude," murmured he, softly, and went down the hill, the tears gushing from his eyes.

## The Basilica of St. Peter.

### PART THE THIRD.

THE design for St. Peter's by Antonio di Sangallo was certainly larger and richer than any of its predecessors. As the history of the Basilica may fairly include the vicissitudes it passed through as well as its actual progress, the forms it might have had as well as that one really given to it, we shall describe the new design of Sangallo. In it the shape of the Greek Cross was preserved, the chief feature was, still, of course, the dome, which would have impressed all by its size visible from all parts, and by its rich and graceful architecture. A double row of pillars, with intervening arches, ornamented the lower part of this vast cupola, above which rose the dome or shoulder supporting the lantern, which was surrounded by columns without arches. These columns in their turn bore up a richly-moulded architrave, that supported the roof of the lantern, which again was surmounted by the ball and Cross. At the four corners of the dome stood four elegantly-designed turrets, and near each extremity of the façade was placed a lofty campanile or square tower crowned by a round spire, which, through several varieties of ornament and column, ascended to very nearly the same height as the dome, and was finished with a lantern, roof, ball, and Cross, exactly similar to those of the dome itself. The magnitude of this design may be gathered from the detail of its proportions. Its length was put down at 1,040 Roman palms, the height of the façade at 204 palms, the elevation of the dome from the ground to the top of the Cross 636, while that of each campanile between the same points was 624 palms. The height of the dome itself, from its lowest balustrade to the summit of the Cross, gave 405 palms. A carefully-executed model of this intended Basilica was placed in the old Basilica for public inspection, and having been admired and approved by all, it was accepted and its erection was vigorously begun. To this end Sangallo strengthened the foundations hitherto laid so that not even his huge dome could fail of finding sufficient support, and he then began to uprear his structure. But alas, he too had to

succumb to lapse of time, anxiety of mind, and a sudden attack of fever at Terni, and his elaborate design was destined to die out with him.

The first thought of the Congregation of Cardinals and of the Pontiff, was to invite Julio Romano to return to his native place with great honour and the promise of a large salary. But he was prevented by his Cardinal patron, by his own family, and by advancing years, from leaving Mantua and accepting the offer proposed to him, and he died there within a very few days. Sansovino was next thought of, and applied to through the Papal Nuncio at Venice, though without effect. These disappointments fortunately cleared the way for the advent of *the* architect of the modern Basilica of St. Peter, the celebrated Michael Angelo Buonaroti, then at Florence. At first, indeed, he sent a very firm refusal, declaring that he professed himself a sculptor, not an architect; but he yielded to the force of prayer and entreaty, and undertook the charge committed to him. The very first inspection of Sangallo's design condemned it as a matter of course. His eye seized at once its weak points, its violation of the principle of unity of idea and of the rules of strict architecture, its confusion of order and needless accumulation of columns and little pyramids, its adoption of the Gothic rather than the Greek character, and the drawing off of the eye from the predominance of the massive dome by the almost equal height of each lofty campanile. When a bystander congratulated the famous sculptor on having before him in Sangallo's design a spacious field in which the mind of the most ingenious of architects could feed and expatiate without stint, "Fruitful, truly," replied Michael Angelo, in an aside, "but only to feed animals that know nothing about architecture!" He also condemned Sangallo's church as not admitting sufficient light, and thus affording opportunity for the perpetration of all sorts of robbery and roguery within its precincts. He undertook to build a handsomer structure, at a far smaller outlay both of time and money than the fifty years and 300,000 scudi which the design of Sangallo would exhaust. Within the brief space of fifteen days he prepared a new model, smaller indeed in bulk, but nobler in proportion and richer in ornament. He retained the Greek cross, having four equal arms, with the dome in its centre, but his cupola was supported, not on columns, but by solid walls, and was double the size of that designed by Sangallo, while the façade resembled the front of the Pantheon. The length of the Basilica would be, according to this model, 600 palms, with width

and height in proportion. Again the new design found favour with the Pontiff, and orders were given for its immediate erection, accompanied by permission to demolish and build at choice, and to call in the aid of any artists on whom the chief architect could rely. A salary of 100 scudi a month was voted to Michael Angelo, but this he generously refused, undertaking his work solely for the love of God, and out of devotion to the Prince of the Apostles—a resolution to which he adhered throughout. Having removed every other facing to the outside of the Basilica except the travertine, with which he worked in all the niches, cornices, pilasters and capitals, he strengthened the original walls of Bramante, and built two corkscrew ascents along which even the animals employed could draw materials for work to the very top. In further executing his design, he placed on the four large pilasters of Bramante, and round the whole building, a cornice unsurpassed for skill and grace of outline. He added the two sides of the transverse nave terminating in a semicircle, with its apse and places for three altars, and assembled together as vast a number of workmen as possible in order to complete the erection. He began the two large niches in the greater apse, and was able to reduce the eight niches intended by Sangallo to be placed in the north arm of the cross to three, by building within it three chapels; above them he raised the arched roof of travertine, and lighted it by three windows. And so he completed rapidly all those points which gave its character and proportion to the building, both that such parts might be thoroughly strong, and might be so far advanced as to prevent further changes in the design. This departure from the plan drawn out by Sangallo naturally gained many enemies to Michael Angelo, and many not very impartial critics of his work.

In addition to the renewal of former indulgences and graces, Paul III. formed an Archconfraternity partly of laics, under the title and protection of St. Peter, on the roll of which he first placed his own name, and added to it afterwards, in succession, the names of all the Sovereigns of Europe, of the Ministers of State, of the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, and of the Canons of all the Basilicas and Chapters in Rome, of Barons, Princes, and Dukes, together with a very large list of secular persons of both sexes, and of different ranks of society. The object of this Confraternity was that the members should subscribe according to their means, and should collect from their friends and acquaintances. The Emperor Charles V. presented 100,000 scudi as his donation, and so liberal were the gifts

thus obtained that Buonaroti was enabled to push on his work with rapid progress.

The time had now come when it was found necessary to separate by a solid, lofty wall the new from the old Basilica, so that both worshippers and workmen might be left more undisturbed. This wall ran north and south across the nave, at about the eleventh column from the entrance of the ancient Basilica, and nearly between the points which form the entrances into the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of the choir in the modern Basilica. By this wall all the higher portion of the church was effectually cut off from use, and a few altars and monuments were removed into the lower part; though it is to be regretted that this was not effected without much injury and loss being sustained by ornaments, mosaics, paintings, statues, and pillars, some of which had been but recently bestowed or erected, for Paul III. himself had added to the treasures of the ancient Basilica. Some of the many altars of our Lady, as well as the chapels of St. Andrew and St. Petronilla, naturally suffered most in this transfer, and in the midst of the general change and demolition, the Pontiff himself, after an illness of only five days, passed away from this life, in the year 1594; and though he had lived to see so much of the new structure erected, he too, like his predecessors, added his own monument to the decorations of the ancient Basilica.

Shortly after the accession of his successor, Julius III., to the throne, the enemies of Michael Angelo made an effort to undermine his reputation and his work. Condemning his design before it was completed, they accused him of not admitting light enough into his building; and as this accusation received the support of the Congregation originally appointed by Clement VII. to superintend the work, the new Pope resolved to summon the great architect that he might justify himself in their presence. We have some account of this interview in Vasari, who was the intimate friend of Buonaroti. "The Pope in the first place told Michael Angelo that the deputies of the Congregation asserted that the niches in the transept would admit too little light. Michael Angelo answered that he wished to hear what these deputies had to say. The Cardinal Cervini replied, 'We ourselves are the deputies.' Michael Angelo then said, 'Monsignor, above these windows, in the roof of travertine that is being built, will occur three other windows.' 'You have not explained this,' rejoined the Cardinal. 'I have not,' said the architect, 'nor do I choose to be obliged to mention, either to you, signor, or to any one, what

I ought, or what I intend to do. Your office is to bring hither the money, and to keep it out of the hands of robbers; as to the design of the building, you have to leave the responsibility of that to me.' Then turning to the Pope, he continued: 'Holy Father, you see how little I gain! the labours which I endure do no good to my soul, whilst I lose both time and work.' The Pope, who loved him much, laying his hand on his shoulder, answered, 'You are gainer both in soul and in body. Do not doubt it.'

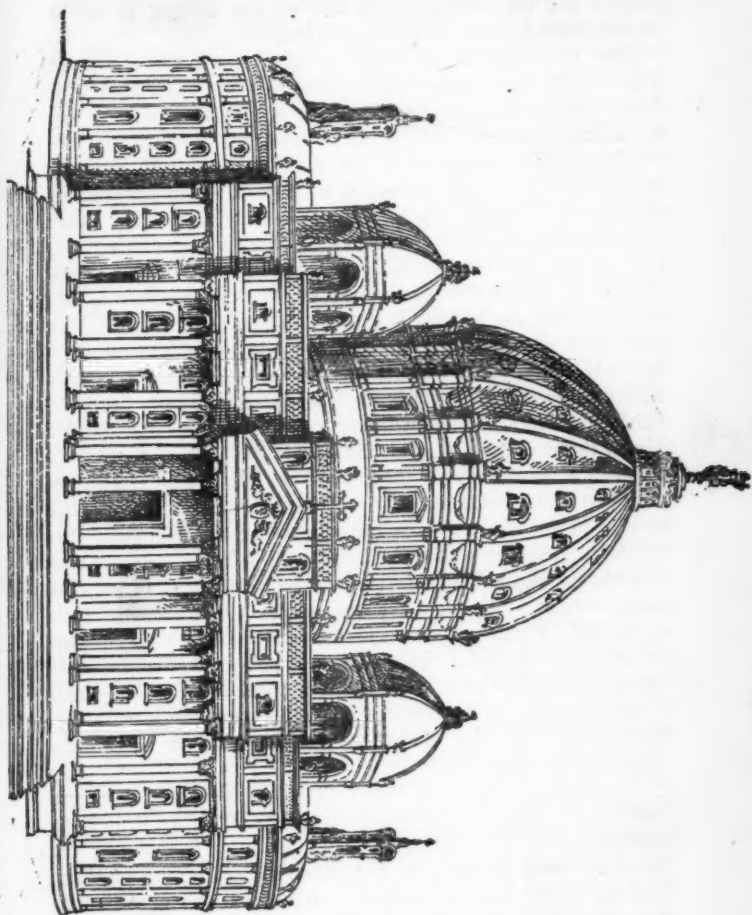
After this incident Buonaroti tendered the resignation of his charge to the Pope; but Julius, so far from accepting it, constituted him by especial Brief head and director of the rebuilding of the Vatican Basilica, hoping thus to silence at once these attacks of envy and illwill. Michael Angelo willingly and cheerfully undertook once more the direction of the work. But the forked tongue of calumny was not so easily silenced, and as soon as Paul IV. was elected Pope, Pirro Ligorio of Naples, relying on the fact that he was of the same country as the new Pontiff and was also one of his particular clients, began to aspire after the post of architect of St. Peter's, and with this view joined the ranks of the malcontents, and went about whispering that the great architect had grown childish. Indignant at these unjust aspersions, as well as at other injuries which malice had inflicted on him, Michael Angelo again resolved to throw up all and leave Rome. And this time he would have firmly carried out his resolve, had he not been afraid of offending God and of being blamed by men. With true magnanimity, therefore, he determined to overcome his feelings of pain and displeasure, and to suffer everything through love of God and devotion to the Prince of the Apostles. Blind to their own honour and credit, and to the true interests of the noble pile which Buonaroti was so laboriously erecting, his persecutors still followed him with their invectives. The chief engine they now brought to bear against him was a mistake of some moment made by his master of the works, which through want of care in carrying out, on the working platform, the model supplied by the architect, now too far advanced in life to mount the scaffoldings, involved the necessity of pulling down and building up again a certain portion already finished. To prove that no error lay with him, Michael Angelo submitted his model to Vasari, and this, by the testimony it bore to the care and exactness with which he prepared each fresh step in the work, gained for him once more complete victory over his calumniators. Old as he had become, he still addressed himself to the further execution of his design, feeling how necessary it was to leave



behind him a plan for that most noble and most difficult part of his undertaking—the erection of the dome and cupola. Of this he caused two models to be made, one in chalk and the other in wood; and with this work ended the life, not of the great artist himself, but of the Pope, Paul IV.

The new Pontiff, Pius IV., at once showed his goodwill by renewing all spiritual favours granted by his predecessors, and by heaping fresh marks of attention and encouragement on Michael Angelo himself, who in truth stood in full need of them. The master of the works, whose want of accuracy had cost him so much, dying about this time, he appointed one Louis Gaeta to take his place, as being in every way worthy of his utmost reliance. But the Congregation intrusted, as we have seen, with general supervision wished the office to be conferred on one of the name of Vanni di Baccio Bigio, a man full of enthusiasm and presumptuous self-reliance. The result was that when Gaeta presented himself, the Congregation refused to acknowledge his appointment, having actually given the place to the other. Gaeta, returning indignantly to Buonaroti, refused to resume his post of overseer. A fresh application was made to the Pope, and the part of Michael Angelo being again firmly taken, Bigio was dismissed. This last triumph was of little consolation or service to the great architect, as it was almost simultaneous with his death, but it was of the greatest possible service for the preservation so far of his grand designs in the actual rebuilding of the Basilica. It called forth the direct command, which was afterwards repeatedly enforced, that no one was to oppose or change the leading features of his design. Michael Angelo had during seventeen years uninterruptedly directed this magnificent work of re-erection, and such had been his zeal and diligence that he had done more in that time than had before been accomplished in half a century. So superior had been his conception to that of all others before him, and so faithfully in great measure was it subsequently carried out, that the Basilica we now see owes, in a double sense, far more to him than to any of the Popes themselves, who could alone claim a rivalry with him in this honour. They indirectly rebuilt St. Peter's, and in even that each one individually had only a small share. But it was Michael Angelo's genius and hand that, during the reigns of five different Popes, partly went back to the original design of Bramante, partly executed the chief points of the whole edifice, and, besides, so materially affected the completion of the work in the future as to extend his influence over a lapse of time immensely

FRONT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S, AS DESIGNED BY MICHAEL ANGELO.



exceeding that of his own life. So that we can with almost literal truth call the modern Basilica the creation of Michael Angelo, and the only regret is that we are obliged to call it almost, instead of altogether, his creation.

After the death of St. Peter's chief architect, the choice of Pius IV. fell upon Barozzi da Vignola, who was associated with Pirro Ligorio under this new condition and reservation, that not on a single point was he to depart from the plans of his predecessor. The Pontificate of the next Pope, Pius V., was not favourable to the rapid advance of St. Peter's, as the attention of the Pontiff was necessarily engrossed by external matters. This much however, and it is no slight point, we do owe to this Pope, that on the very first occasion that the new architect, Ligorio, showed an inclination to change the design intrusted to his execution, he was summarily and with disgrace set aside. The great work of Vignola during the nine subsequent years was to line with travertine the whole interior of the Basilica, of which Michael Angelo had so far completed the dome itself as to have finished entirely its perpendicular or drum-shaped foundation. Under the next Pope, Gregory XIII., the building of the church received a new impulse, the benefit of which was reaped by Giacomo della Porta, its new architect. Thus he was enabled to roof in the whole transept or transverse nave, including also the large apse behind the Confession of St. Peter. As soon as this was finished he was called by the Pope to a work of peculiar importance and interest, which was to build a magnificent chapel, at the Holy Father's private expense, near the right-hand transept of the new Basilica. This chapel, now called the Cappella Gregoriana, is one of the most beautiful within the building, and it was the first to be embellished and opened for public use, having cost the sum of 80,000 golden scudi, or more than 130,000 scudi in Roman coin.

To Gregory XIII. succeeded Sixtus V., another name pre-eminently connected with the history of St. Peter's. This Pope addressed himself to the great undertaking of completing the dome, as most necessary to the general effect of the building, and as having been so carefully sketched out and modelled by Buonarroti himself. Deterred neither by the vastness of the expense, nor the difficulty of erection, nor the length of time required, which was stated to be at least ten years, Sixtus summoned to his presence a meeting of the first architects of Rome, and confided the undertaking to Giacomo della Porta, to whom, on account of his great age he gave as colleague Domenico

Fontana, with this one injunction to both, that they were scrupulously to follow the design and model of their master architect, Buonaroti. They first sketched out a plan of the dome on the only space large enough for the purpose—the pavement of St. Paul's on the Ostian Way. This done, they collected together all the materials necessary, and began at once to build. The memorable day of its commencement was the 16th of July, 1588, and on the 24th of May, 1590, the whole work was finished; the construction of the cupola having occupied only twenty-two months, while within the next seven months it was finished on the outside, the lantern was built, the ball was placed, and the whole surmounted by its Cross. This wonderful acceleration of speed was owing to the rare energy of mind displayed by Sixtus V., who may be said in this case to have mainly guided the achievement, and to the fact that in it 800 workmen were employed day and night, 500,000lbs. of ropes and 300,000lbs. of iron-work were used, and 100,000 beams formed the scaffolding, each beam being so massive that two men could not encircle it with their arms. Sixtus fitly judged that so great a success should be followed by the solemn benediction of the whole structure. In furtherance of this an altar was raised in front of the Confession, and, in presence of the entire Chapter and Clergy of the Basilica, Pontifical High Mass was sung by a Bishop, who then blessed the last stone, which was laid and securely fixed in its destined place, amid the pealing of bells and firing of cannon on the Castle St. Angelo.

Passing over the brief reigns of Urban VII., Gregory XIV., and Innocent IX., we come to that of Clement VIII., who, after suppressing the Congregation formed by Clement VII. and founding another on a more advantageous footing, began the work of strengthening the cupola still more with a double coating of lead, and of enriching its inner surface with gilding and mosaic work, after the designs of Giacomo della Porta. And Clement, more modest in the part he would assign to himself, more true to those who had gone before than was afterwards Paul V., inscribed round the internal base of the lantern the following tribute to the memory and energy of Sixtus: "*Sancti Petri gloriæ Sixtus PP. V. anno MDXC. Pontificatus V.*" In imitation of Gregory XIII. he built a similar chapel over against the one erected by that Pope, calling it the Cappella Clementina, and having enriched it with marbles and mosaics like the other, he dedicated it in honour of St. Gregory the Great, whose relics Paul V. afterwards removed into it. In addition to this, this

same Pope laid down a new pavement for the part of the Basilica partitioned off by the wall built across the nave of the old Basilica, and arranged the new crypt beneath; and, that succeeding Popes might pass backwards and forwards freely from the Vatican Palace to the ancient Confession of St. Peter, he constructed a covered way leading from the Papal apartments directly into the crypt. It was necessary, however, to close up this way after his death, so that nothing is now shown but the door into the crypt which formerly terminated it. Another great work of this Pope was to build the high altar, on which was placed a block of Grecian marble in one piece, which had been lately discovered in the ancient Forum of Nerva and was now solemnly consecrated (July 26, 1594), in the presence of the Sacred College of Cardinals, of the Prelates, and of a large concourse of people. He, moreover, ornamented all that portion of the roof which had been finished, and which was afterwards enriched with gilding by Paul V. And it may be remembered how this Pope descended with the Cardinals to view the bronze sarcophagus containing the last resting-place of the great Apostle, by a happy chance exposed to sight while the pavement of the new Basilica was being laid down.

The next name that rises up as connected with the history of the new Basilica is that of Paul V. Already ambitious of finishing a work that had been begun more than a hundred years before, and had seen out the short reigns of eighteen Pontiffs, the new Pope was impelled by a curious accident to hasten on the work. During a storm of unusual severity that passed over the city whilst Mass was being heard at the altar of our Lady della Colonna within the part of the old Basilica still standing, a block of marble was blown down from a window above with tremendous force and broken into a thousand pieces, though not one person present was hurt. A careful examination was immediately made of the whole edifice, with this result, that the walls were found to be five palms out of the perpendicular, whilst the roof through great age threatened immediate ruin. This discovery scarcely required the help of a great loss of life which had been caused at Parma by the falling of a tower, to alarm effectually the inhabitants of Rome and the Pope himself. He at once held a Consistory, in which it was decided to complete the new Basilica without loss of time, and to preserve a faithful, accurate, and careful model of the form and arrangement of all the altars, paintings, mosaics, and monuments contained within the old Basilica. Selection, therefore, had to be made of a new architect to undertake the completion of St. Peter's.

All the most renowned architects then in Italy were requested to send in their ideas as to how this was to be done in obedience to the plans of Michael Angelo. Meantime, the sacred relics under the different ancient altars were removed, and the altars themselves desecrated; next the mortal remains of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops were transferred into the crypt; then all the objects of art that could be preserved were taken care of, and finally the roof and swaying walls were levelled with the ground. The more sacred and important of these removals were carried out with great devotion and solemnity, after Masses had been specially said over the various relics, and whilst psalms and prayers were being recited. They were commenced on the 1st of October, 1605, and were concluded about the 27th of January of the following year, when the exhumation of many dead bodies of Popes, Cardinals, and others took place. In the evening of the 8th of February began the demolition of the rest of the ancient Basilica of Constantine from the point of the remaining porch of the old Quadriportico; and the Cross, that had for so long surmounted the highest point of the façade, can be seen at this day in the crypt of St. Peter's, fixed in a marble socket which bears the name *Agrippina* in Greek characters, and was probably part of a monument once raised in the plain of the Vatican to a Roman matron of that name, possibly the mother of Nero. It was a highly interesting but dangerous work to bring down foot by foot such a mass of strong but crumbling wood-work and masonry, bearing the names of Constantine, of ancient pagan temples, of Popes long since past away, of Theodoric King of Italy, as well as of Popes of comparatively recent times. Strange to say, almost all the beams of the old roof were pronounced by Fontana to be quite sound, and were actually worked into the doorways of the new Basilica, while some still form part of the roof of the Farnese Palace. The destruction of the walls was begun on the 29th of March, 1606, and they were found so bent outward, that the yielding of but one beam would have brought down the entire edifice.

We have said that several famous architects were desired to send in their plans for building the new nave of the Basilica; but, had the plan of Michael Angelo been really carried out in completing that portion, which should have been treated only as a part of the whole design, this step would not have been necessary, or even admissible. Buonaroti had intended to build the façade in a line running between the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of the choir. Maderno, the architect now in charge, was smitten

with the desire to change and to elongate the plan of Michael Angelo, and he gained the day. He set to work at once with his foundations, on the 8th of November, 1607, and by the 7th of May was enabled to place his foundation-stone sixty palms deep; on which day it was solemnly blessed according to the Pontifical ritual, and deposited in its place immediately below the entrance to the present chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. On the 5th of November, 1607, the workmen began to dig the foundations of the façade on the side next to the Vatican Palace, and continued till the 10th of February, 1608, on which day, being Sexagesima Sunday, the foundation-stone, which was of marble, was solemnly laid according to the ceremonies observed on previous occasions. In digging these foundations many coins and medals of the time of Constantine were found, among which was a medal that bore the head of Constantine on one side, and on the reverse the title of the Basilica Vaticana; another coin bore the head of *Ludovicus Romanorum Imperator*. Sepulchral urns too were found, and beneath the round block of porphyry, where according to ancient tradition the body of Venerable Bede was laid, an urn was found containing the remains of two bodies, but without any inscription to explain whose they were. The prolongation of the nave, with the change of form from the Greek to the Latin Cross, was the result of much deliberation. It was found that there was not sufficient space within the Basilica as designed by Michael Angelo, that it contained no suitable choir chapel, and that there was not room enough to hold the monuments of many Popes illustrious for sanctity and learning, while at the same time it was necessary that part of the façade should form a loggia whence the Papal Benediction could be given, for which, however, no provision had hitherto been made. It was also strongly felt that no part of the site of the ancient Basilica should be left unoccupied by the new one. The walls of the front were proceeded with in July 1608, and were finished in July, 1612, a success duly announced to the neighbourhood by sound of bell and cannon.

In May, 1612, were completed the portico and loggia, and within the two following years both these were crowned with the present cornice and balustrade, and bore the proud motto: "In honorem Principis Apostolorum Paulus V Burghesius Romanus Pont. Max. Anno MDCXII, Pont. VII." The interior of the nave thus added by Maderno was made in every respect uniform with the larger part already built by Buonaroti, and above the pillars passed round a rich cornice with architrave and frieze, above which again rose two enormous windows on either side to admit



light into the nave, while six were placed in the front and derived their light from the windows in the loggia of the Benediction. On the 15th of July, 1612, the work of roofing in the nave and the side chapels was begun, and was successfully finished in the July of 1614. By the 25th of March, 1615, Maderno was ready to pull down the intervening wall put up by Paul III., in order to unite the two parts of the building. The laying down of the pavement of the new portico followed. A fresh addition was planned in August, 1618, namely, the two campanili, or bell-towers, to close the extremities of the front. Careful to lay his foundations deeper than had been done for the ancient campanile, which had rested on a large slab only thirty palms beneath the surface, Maderno carried his foundation for the right-hand campanile to the depth of sixty-seven palms, where he arrived at solid earth. But his search for a firm foundation on the side of the old Circus of Nero seemed likely to be in vain. It appeared as though a deep valley had been filled in with earth and large stones, for a Roman way was reached fifty palms down. After digging to the depth of 100 palms, he arrived at slabs on which the circus had been formed. At 135 palms depth water appeared, and this having been pumped out, a deep pit suddenly opened itself, and threatened the neighbouring houses, as well as the Church of the Camposanto, with immediate ruin. Having at length, as he hoped, found a solid foundation, he dug six wells for greater security, which he filled in with stone, cement, and other material, made as solid as he could. But after the campanile was built as high as the summit of the façade, Paul V. ordered the work to be suspended, through fear that the foundation was not strong enough to bear up a structure of such size and weight as that designed by Maderno. In finishing the decoration of the portico, the architect, as we have stated, departed from the design of Michael Angelo, and provided the loggia required by leaving out the beautiful front of pillars in imitation of the Pantheon, and substituting a vestibule closed in with columns and pilasters, and admitting light into its corridor or loggia through windows corresponding to those described on the front of the Basilica, and also entered beneath by five large doorways directly opposite the five great entrances into the Basilica itself.

Could we hope to embrace any description of the interior decorations of the modern Basilica in this history of its merely exterior erection, we should be obliged to pause here and give an account of all that Maderno did under Paul V. for the interior of St. Peter's, and especially for the Confession. But we must reserve

for a future occasion a description of the Basilica as it is within its walls, and as it is approached through its noble piazza. The only dark chapter in the external history of the Basilica is that which tells of its intended campanile. Urban VIII. directed Bernini to resume the work of Maderno on the 26th January, 1638, and from the point at which he had left it. Scarcely had he put his hand to the work when an effect was produced on the façade of the Basilica precisely in that part of the roof of the portico where certain cracks had appeared in the time of Paul V. Bernini immediately repeated for the front that method of adding to the original foundations which Antonio di Sangallo had applied to the foundations of Bramante. But the dangerous symptoms continued, and the work was again suspended. Opinions were greatly divided; the suspicious signs about the façade were declared to be of old standing, the large part of the campanile already finished was pronounced perfectly perpendicular and settled in position. It was a painful question for Urban's successor, Innocent X., to have to decide. Danger seemed imminent, not so much for the campanile itself as for the whole front of the new Basilica, and yet how could he make up his mind to be the first Pope to demolish, instead of erecting, such very striking and almost necessary complements of the whole structure? Prudence, however, prevailed in the end, and the ill-fated and costly campanile was, by his sudden and often bitterly-regretted order, levelled with the ground. No other campanile has been attempted. Thus Urban VIII. justly decided that the Basilica was really completed during his reign, and that he could claim the privilege of consecrating that vast edifice, which he did on the 18th of November, 1626, on the anniversary day of the dedication of the ancient Basilica by St. Silvester about 1,300 years before.

The vastness of this great work of man's art and industry mysteriously grows upon the reader. The history that we thought of accomplishing in one paper has grown out insensibly into three. For this our only apology may be an imperfect account of the size of St. Peter's. From the outside of the wall forming its large apse to one of its chief entrances it measures about 862 palms in length, and is in height 210 palms, except under the dome, where its height is 537 palms. The circuit of its external wall reaches to 7,520 palms, and Fontana calculates its measurement, including the portico and piazza, at 44,280 palms. The façade, from the pavement to the top of the balustrade, rises 208 palms, and is 504 wide. The cupola of St. Peter's is higher than

that of the Pantheon by 30 palms, but is smaller than it by the width of 3 palms. The number of persons that can easily be contained within the Basilica is laid down at a very moderate computation as 54,000, while the piazza in front can hold 200,000 persons.

J. G. M.

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*Note to the Engraving on p. 203.*

The cut on p. 203 (taken from the *Templi Vaticani Historia*. P. Bonanni, S.J. Romæ, MDCXCVI.), represents the front view of St. Peter's, as it was intended to be by its great architect, Michael Angelo. Any visitor to Rome will remember how much the effect of the front of the present Basilica is impaired by the huge and lofty façade, which hides the lower part of the dome from the eye, except at a great distance. The reasons for the enlargement of the church, the one great deviation from the plan of Michael Angelo allowed after his death, are mentioned in the article above, and their force cannot be denied. But the change involved the abandonment of the Greek Cross, and made some diminution in the proportional importance of the dome inevitable. Still, the façade need not have been so overpowering as it is, and it may be allowed us, as a matter of taste, to lament the loss of Michael Angelo's portico. It has often seemed to us surprising that no attempt has ever been made to reproduce the Basilica on a smaller scale, but according to the plans of the great Florentine. A church so built would be one of the finest possible ornaments to a great city, and would be a visible testimony, moreover, of the devotion of its builders to the Prince of the Apostles and the centre of Catholic unity. Perhaps some rising Catholic community in America or Australia may some day act on this suggestion.

## The Deep Sea and Geologists.

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IT is no wonder if some curiosity is felt as to the quarter from which the next scientific discoveries are to be looked for. So prolific is our age in discovery that we almost cease to be surprised at what is nevertheless very new and very wonderful. The veil of mystery that hung round the sun is torn away, and a thousand eyes are turned on it unravelling its secrets and recording the operations of its forces. The most remote objects of the heavens are analysed, and we are told of their constituents as if they were on the lecture table before us. Meteorologists have ascended to the higher regions of our atmosphere, and attained an elevation above the earth which will probably be never surpassed, the thought of which fills us with terror. The surface of the earth is explored, and the glory of laying open the inaccessible fastnesses of Equatorial Africa, and solving the problem of Ptolemy, is claimed by many rivals. We read of the discovery of the sources of the Nile in latitude  $10^{\circ}$  S. with scarcely less surprise than we feel in seeing an advertisement of a map of Mars on Mercator's Projection. It has been said that the whole earth is in the hands of engineers and electricians, and perhaps it may even be more truly said that the heavens and the earth and the waters too are handed over to scientific men for their disputations.

The occasion of these remarks is given by a summer trip of three scientific men, in which the dark abysses of the ocean are made to add their contribution to the discoveries of the age, to throw a new light upon much that has been long known, and to give a new current, and even in some degree, what is better still, a salutary check, to speculation. Any one who has seen the tackle employed to raise the lost Atlantic cable, can form

some notion of the difficulties attendant on deep sea dredgings, and can understand what exceptional circumstances were required before even an attempt could be made on a large scale. Indeed it may be said that the exploration of the ocean depths was inaugurated on the occasion of that celebrated voyage of the *Great Eastern*, when, to the surprise of the whole world and the acclamations of future ages, the lost cable was not only found, but safely raised from a depth of two thousand fathoms. It was found that the impalpable mud that smeared the cable was nothing more than a coating of newly-deposited chalk, and the startling fact was revealed that the cretaceous period, thought to have so long passed away, was still present to us, and we began to realise that the silent bed of the Atlantic may yet become in future ages a region of elevated chalk downs, to be in their turn eaten away by the sea, as we see is at present the case with those on our own southern coast. It is not surprising that the aid of Government was necessary in order to carry out successfully such explorations on a large scale. Accordingly, at the instance of the Council of the Royal Society, Her Majesty's ship *Porcupine* was put at the service of a committee consisting of Dr. Carpenter, Professor Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, and the results of her three months' commission have been peculiarly rich in point of discovery and suggestive with respect to conclusions.

We shall say nothing of the mechanical skill shown both in the management of the vessel and in the winding apparatus requisite to raise a dredge, weighing with its contents about half a ton, from the immense depth of fifteen thousand feet. This is only a part of that wonderful skill which we see every day around us, which seems to show how far off may yet be the limit of mechanical contrivance and perfection. Our business is with the hundredweight of mud which has been for the first time exposed to our upper air, and with the thermometers which have made this awful descent and come back safe and sound to tell us unerringly of the temperature of those far depths. In other words, the results of the expedition have their interest in the revelations as to the temperature of the

ocean, the life that is found at those vast depths, and the character of the deposit which is being formed. We must be content with a few remarks upon each.

It has generally been taken for granted that the temperature of the ocean tends gradually as we descend towards a uniform temperature of 39° Fahrenheit. The reason for this is apparent. 39° is the temperature of maximum density of water, and, supposing the ocean otherwise perfectly still, it must necessarily continue to circulate until the densest particles, *i.e.*, those nearest to the temperature of 39°, have reached the greatest depth. It is on this assumption that it is argued that the Polar Sea, if it be of any great extent and depth, must necessarily remain open throughout the year, as the water must circulate until the whole mass has reached the temperature of 39°, which, if the depth be sufficient, would not take place during the course of a single winter. The results before us show a very different state of things from what was supposed. A very slight change of place on the same parallel of latitude showed a difference of temperature on the bed of the ocean of from 46° to 30°. In the Bay of Biscay, at the depth of nearly 2,500 fathoms, it was 36°. These temperatures appear to have no connection with latitude or with surface heat; indeed, it has been already discovered that in the tropics and south temperate zone the temperature of the sea is lower than it is in the Atlantic, and the heating or cooling influence of the surface water is entirely lost at the depth of about 100 fathoms. The simple explanation of these phenomena is found in the hot and cold currents which play so important a part in the temperature of the ocean, and, where they affect the surface, on the climate of various parts of the world. No one is ignorant of the effect of the Gulf Stream, which issues from the Bay of Mexico and travels in a north-westerly direction, almost enveloping these islands, reaching the coast of Norway, and probably extending even to the coast of Spitzbergen. It is this that gives our western shores a temperature so much higher than what is due to their latitude, whilst, on the continent of America, places having a latitude of Rome and not

being under the influence of this genial current, have a winter cold which we do not find on the ocean till we reach Spitzbergen.

A very little observation will show how much more favourably the Atlantic is situated for the reception of warm than cold currents. The Arctic Sea is almost entirely surrounded by land, and has only three openings by which its waters can enter the Atlantic, and, to say nothing of visible barriers, there are ridges in the sea bed which entirely prevent deep currents from travelling southwards except in certain confined channels. This is not the case in the southern hemisphere, where the antarctic waters enter the tropics freely and even reach the Red Sea, the deep waters of which are below the freezing point. It is hard to say how far climate is affected by these causes. Whilst we are enjoying the warmth which is dispensed by the Gulf Stream, the inhabitants of Labrador and Canada in the same latitude experience a lengthened winter, on account of the arctic current which sweeps their shores, and it is a similar reason that gives the east coast of South America a temperature  $10^{\circ}$  higher in the same latitude than the western, the one being washed by an equatorial, the other by an antarctic, current.

Few subjects are more interesting, either with respect to climate or navigation, than the currents of the ocean, and there is now no doubt that the great westerly equatorial current, the cause of which has been so much discussed, owes its origin to the polar stream, which, coming from a region where the diurnal angular velocity is less, is left behind in the world's race, and produces a westerly flow. But we must proceed to other matters.

One principal subject of interest connected with the dredgings is found in the life that is brought up from various depths. It was until lately believed that below the depth of 300 fathoms no life whatever was to be found in the ocean. The incorrectness of this assumption is abundantly proved. Even at the prodigious depth of 2,500 fathoms the bed of the ocean was found to be teeming with life, revealing to our imagination at a glance



how immeasurably incomplete are our notions of the animal creation which owns this mighty world of water for its dwelling and peoples it to its extremest depths. Not only were zoophytes of the lowest forms brought up from these immense depths, but a very large variety of higher organisms, with perfectly formed eyes, showing that light found its way even to these abysses, doubling the number of British echinoderms, and adding 127 species of molluscs to those previously known to inhabit British waters.

The most interesting point, however, is the discovery that there are going on at this moment on the bed of the Atlantic, within ten miles of each other, two distinct formations with their own characteristic fauna; the one under the influence of a warm, and the other of a polar current. In the former we find a deposit partaking at least of the character of chalk, with the fossils of our own cretaceous formation restored to life; in the other a volcanic sandstone, with glacial species of molluscs and echinuses carried southward by an arctic current. A single living specimen of a species of crinoid, which was not known to have survived the great chalk formation, was some years ago dredged up by M. Sars on the coast of Norway, and we are told that had he brought to light a living mammoth it would hardly have been considered a greater discovery. But here is a world of globigerinæ actively building up mountains of chalk, with echinuses and other forms which are to be found as curiosities in our museums; and, what is most astonishing, as if geological epochs were eliminated at a stroke, a boreal formation, with its fragments of ancient rocks and arctic fauna, peaceably occupying its own share of the bed of the Atlantic under the influence of the northern current. In reflecting on these discoveries, at the same time that we are careful to avoid any exaggeration of their consequences, we shall still be able to draw some valuable conclusions. It is possible that subsequent observation may modify the importance of some of the results hitherto obtained, and in any case they do not seem to us to touch the fundamental principles of geology, though they may

make us more cautious in applying these principles to particular cases and in drawing conclusions from facts of which we have not yet found the key.

It is well known that the relative antiquity of rocks is determined by the fossils which they exhibit; the fossils, it is evident, manifesting the life that was in them at the time they were formed. It is assumed also by some geologists that no operation has contributed to the production of the present state of the earth but such as is still in operation around us. The results before us seem, at first sight, to furnish a contradiction to the former and a surprising confirmation to the latter principle. We are accustomed to speak of the cretaceous and glacial periods as long past away. This glacial period, which is so great a source of wonder to speculative minds, which has excavated our lakes, cut deep grooves into the hardest rocks, deposited vast masses of stone at great distances from the parent quarry, heaped up hillocks of stones and earth at the mouths of valleys, and left its track over hill and dale marked out for ever with more than cyclopiian remains; this period, which it has been attempted to account for by the calculable variations of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, but with very little success—is still exhibited in Iceland, and is really going on in a modified degree in the depths of the Atlantic simultaneously with the cretaceous formation. And when the present bed of the ocean is lifted up so as to become dry land—unless it be in those days of which the Psalmist speaks when he say, "*Dies formabuntur et nemo in eis*"—the geologist will find the two formations side by side with the natural history of the past indelibly written in characters of stone, but will speculate, as we now do, on what will not be written—namely, the explanation of this singular juxtaposition, and will no doubt form his conjecture, as we now do, upon what he will not understand.

It is quite true that we have here no proof of superposition or reversion of strata, and we know quite well that various kinds of rocks are grouped with the same formation, that it is not the colour or character of rock that can determine to what system a bed belongs (as, for example,

in the case of the old red or Devonian), but the fossils which are found in it. But what is important is, that we have here two distinct characters of fauna at the same time, within short distance of each other, only in altered circumstances as to temperature and direction of current. If we were to find such strata on the surface of the earth, with corresponding fossils, he would be a bold geologist who would ascribe them to the same period. And now, if we choose to go a little further and to imagine those banks which divert the northern current shifted from their present position, might we not have a warm current flowing where there had previously been one from the north, and thus have chalk superposed upon a boreal formation, and *vice versa*?

We are led into these remarks because we think so much harm is done to the cause of science by reckless theories, and by building conclusions on insufficient data. Sir John Lubbock has found great fault, and we hope with reason, with the allegation that has been made—that scientific men are spurred on to the investigation of nature by a desire to bring about that overthrow of Revelation which they believe will be the result. We should be sorry to think that men of science in general deserved so grave a charge as this; but we cannot help seeing on many occasions an avidity to seize conclusions which are really in opposition to Christian Revelation indicating an eagerness to throw down an edifice which for all time has been held sacred. At a recent scientific gathering in Germany, on the reading of a paper which was described as of a character peculiarly calculated to shock a religious mind, the enthusiastic rounds of applause, again and again renewed, showed too well that the assembly was animated by another spirit besides that of scientific inquiry. With writers of this spirit we are not dealing. Their works must be characterised as impious, because the end they propose is the destruction of faith. But there is another class in some respects more dangerous, because it is evident that they are really seeking scientific truth, and in many instances have stored up a vast amount of scientific knowledge; and this very

good that is in them causes them to mislead, and to be in reality enemies to the cause of truth.

We were taught as children to measure unknown weights by well-known standards, and should have thought him wanting in sense who should place in one scale of a balance a weight of unknown, or at best conjectured, value, and from it draw conclusions as to the correctness of a standard measure. Too often, we are sure, this process is followed in scientific questions. There are certain truths touching the history of the human race handed down by the enlightened tradition of all ages, held by the greatest minds from the beginning of Christianity, confirmed by a thousand subsidiary arguments, and even taught by the Church as articles of faith. These are weighed in the balance with seeming discoveries, which, because they bear the high name of science, are invested with an irrefragable authority. It is thought due to the supremacy of man's reason to set aside whatever is taught us by authority before its infallible dictates, as if truth could be opposed to truth, and as if authority, not to say divine, was not a surer criterion of truth than those shreds of evidence torn from the book of nature, the full teaching of which will be found to be in admirable harmony with the written and delivered word of the same divine Being Who is the author of both.

It seems to us that three causes in particular lead to these unfortunate results. In the first place we can see a want of strict application of the principles of logic and a thorough training in the old philosophy. We are quite aware that in saying this we shall by some be thought retrograde. We shall be told that this is an age of progress and enlightenment, and we shall not be surprised if we meet with scorn when we venture to place the teaching of the past above the discoveries of our own age. But we must bear in mind what is the real excellence of our age. It is undoubtedly to be found in the development of physical science and the elaboration of the earth and its products for the use and comforts of men. In what belongs to the noblest of fine arts, to the cultivation of the mind, the exercise of eloquence, and the study

of those fundamental principles which depend on eternal truth, it must be acknowledged that perfection is to be sought in a past age rather than in this. It cannot then be for good that the principles of philosophy, which have been proved for two thousand years, are despised and forgotten and a new philosophy is produced independent of and in contradiction to the conclusions which have been tried from the dawn of Christianity—conclusions in their own nature independent of all changes whatsoever in material things, and consequently such as no scientific progress can discredit. It is here that *stare antiquis* would have been true wisdom. These remarks regard such points as the strict application of the rules of logic in drawing conclusions, the giving due weight to various characters of evidence, the value of authority as a criterion of truth, the omnipotence of creative power, and the incompatibility of thought with matter, and the like, in all of which no change can be wrought by discoveries in chemistry or physiology, and the consideration of which is essential if we wish to draw consequences from what we see around us.

Another cause is undoubtedly our ignorance of what has already been done by men in a different sphere in the same investigation. It is easily imagined that what is new to us is new to the world, and we forget that it will often happen that the conclusions at which we arrive in the pursuit of science, and which we regard as discoveries, have long since been weighed and discarded by men who have gone before us, because they saw their opposition to principles of which we are ignorant, and which more than compensated for the want of a greater accumulation of facts which we now possess. Thirdly, we must note that natural vanity which is allured by the prospect of a great discovery which may be the prize of one who is bolder than his fellows, mingled with that love of originality, and that resistance to authority, which is the seed of the besetting sin of our race, and most of all in those departments which seem to be the proper sphere of intellectual activity.

Let us take for example the dogma of the creation

of man, a doctrine which it is one of the triumphs of Christianity to have taught the world. This doctrine is now assailed on all sides, and it is asserted that man is only the last development of a series of gradual steps upwards in the scale of existence, which have been attained by the primitive monads or spores, from which all life has been produced; as if the existence of these primary beings did not involve a passage from non-being to being, and therefore a creative power, as really as the creation of a world. If again the philosophy of the schools were not so despised, it would be seen that even if we granted the series of outward forms, and the progressive perfection of organisms, which is far from being the case, there would still be needed an Almighty Power to bridge over the chasm between a non-intelligent and an intelligent being, unless we fall into a still greater difficulty, long ago seen by philosophers, but now questioned by some of our men of science, of supposing thought to be a mere phenomenon of matter.

And what after all is the evidence which is brought on so tremendous a question? Certain varieties in domesticated animals, artificially produced and confined within very narrow limits, and certain isolated facts gathered out of the vast mass of geological records, showing in certain cases a progression in a particular direction, but no way showing how that progression was obtained. And before these and similar arguments, the teaching of all ages and the inspired written word is cast aside as of no weight. Surely this is not logical. Surely this is not an investigation of nature which leads to truth. Mr. Catlin tells us that it is impossible for the various races of men to have descended from one stock, and he proves his assertion by showing that according to the ordinary rate of advance ten thousand years would have been required to people the forests of America. Could not Mr. Catlin have imagined the existence of some special impulse which may in early days of the world have contributed to scatter the human race? Did he not know that the inspired writer bears testimony to such a cause? And may we not ask whether he has

weighed and refuted all that has been brought to prove the unity of race on philological and traditionary grounds, as well as to explain the obvious varieties? Does he know all that is involved in this doctrine of the unity of our race? The same author tells us that the widespread tradition of a flood, which he found amongst various tribes of Indians is a proof of there having been many great floods. Does he not know that the same fact equally well proves the one flood and unity of origin, which has been the doctrine of all mankind for ages? It has been said facetiously that Dr. Colenso had never read the Pentateuch until the clever Zulu suggested to him difficulties which had been explained two hundred years before in the folios of the Spanish theologians. It seems too as if Mr. Catlin had come new upon the subject, and had unknowingly stumbled upon a remarkable confirmation of the Christian dogma of the unity of the race and the universality of the flood.

One other instance is before our mind, and indeed in the mouth of every one, that is, the antiquity of man as argued from his supposed works found imbedded in the earth. This subject is of so much interest that we should wish to return to it on a future occasion, but it deserves to be mentioned here as a signal instance in which not only the traditions of all time, but the sacred text itself is cast aside on the ground of very doubtful argument drawn from equally questionable facts. In conclusion we may remark that wherever hitherto science has been thought to be opposed to Revelation, a deeper investigation has shown in due course of time, either that the facts were not reliable or that the deduction was illogical; and we need not assure the children of the true Church that what has been in this respect will always be. We need only wait in patience, and the tower which the unbeliever is busily raising upon a foundation of sand will fall to the ground and disappear from sight.

A. W.



## *A Letter on the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTH."

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DEAR SIR,—In an "ingenious" and clever article on the "Fourth Eclogue of Virgil" in the last number of the MONTH, I find one of my most cherished beliefs, or perhaps I must now say illusions, rudely dispelled. I venture however to ask you to allow me to show cause why I still think my old "mumpsimus" better than your writer's new "sumpsimus."

Although I admit the ability of the writer, I may perhaps be permitted to say that his article seems to me too exclusively written from the point of view of scholarlike or classical criticism, merely directed to the intrinsic evidence of the poem, taken in connection with its immediate historical surroundings. In this way the writer comes to his conclusion that the poem has reference to the birth of the Emperor Augustus, and by implication, not, as has been more generally believed, to the birth of our Lord.

Allow me to take a somewhat wider scope, and regard the poem from the point of view of Catholic tradition. Here I think I might fall back upon quasi-ecclesiastical sanction and authority, in so far as the prediction of the Sibyl is concerned in the well-known line in the *Dies Ira*—

Teste David cum Sibylla.

Is there not something also approaching to recognition in the solemn address of Constantine on the subject to the Council of Bishops, listened to apparently with acquiescence? Indeed, I could not wish the general presentiment of the coming of our Lord, as an anticipated era of peace, the return of the golden age, to be more explicitly stated than in the words of the writer himself: "And the facts which history records—viz., that oracular verses purporting to be the productions of the Cumæan Sibyl were at that time disseminated among the ranks of Roman society, and that a very general expectation prevailed that their fulfilment was at hand, and a great King was about to appear among them to reinstate the blissful ages which gladdened the reign of old Saturn in Latium."

There is then a *presumption*, that a poet of that date would take up the tradition of prophecy then current; and it is plain that there is in the poem, whether referring to Augustus or not, a very solemn and confident prediction of great events and a great era, still future when the poet wrote.

It is in this sense that it was referred to by Constantine. "After expounding *many other* prophecies of the coming of our Blessed Lord, among which he includes the Sibylline verses, he comes to this eclogue, and claims for it a like value."

And this appears to me the great significance and value of the poem; that it is one of many prophecies of the Messiah, and perhaps one of the most authentic, that have come down to us.

What then I seek to establish is, that the significance of the poem as a testimony to this general presentiment remains, even though Constantine is proved wrong as to the dispositions and inspirations of Virgil, and Virgil himself culpable or in error in the application of his prediction.

I am now ready freely to admit that the writer *may* have made his point good, and proved that Octavius was the child retrospectively indicated; and that Virgil is thus reduced from an "adorer of the true God" to the mere adulator of Augustus or Pollio; and I admit that his elaborate astrological argument goes far in this direction.

But there are certain lines—and indeed I may say it of every line (with the exception of the seventeenth and the twenty-sixth) in the poem—that, although compatible with the astrological explanation, are, as it seems to me, still more reconcilable with the hypothesis that the Sibyl is depicting the golden age which was to accompany the advent of our Lord. Take for instance, that which perhaps best fits in with the astrological theory—

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ  
Übera : nec magnos metuent armenta leones.

Here certainly the goats may have reference to Capricorn and so to Octavius, and the lions to Antony; but they are, I contend, still more in keeping with the description of the scene of plenty and peace—(*nec magnos metuent armenta leones* might be freely translated, "by the lamb lying down with the lion")—which was anticipated. The above, and also the phrase *Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum*, are naturally adapted to describe a state of the world applicable to all mankind; also, lines thirty-nine and fifty-two have to be distorted to bear allusion to the career or person of an individual, over and above the general indication of the hero of the golden age, which the interpretation of the horoscope seems to require — *e.g.*, in the above allusion to Antony.

Again, if it is the Cumæan Sibyl, as the writer happily suggests, who speaks in the concluding lines, there is nothing to indicate that she does not speak to the end, in which case, by poetic affiliation, the *risu cognoscere matrem* must be taken as applying to herself, and not to Attia, and so the last finishing touch is not given.

Waiving these points, however, I may still maintain in face of the facts adduced:—

1. That Virgil primarily predicts the return of the golden age, the era of peace, and may still therefore be regarded as the true (albeit

unconscious) prophet of the coming of our Lord, who really inaugurated the era predicted.

2. That in connecting Augustus, and even Pollio (who survived the coming of our Lord, and died, if not in the first year of Anno Domini, at least a few years later) with the events, Virgil was still a true prophet of the secondary causes, or concomitants, of the events predicted. Virgil having, along with his contemporaries (possibly in some way more notably than his contemporaries), the prescience of this anticipated era, might have thought that he saw its realisation in the short consulate of Pollio, 712 B.C., or in 714 B.C., if the poem was written in that year, when there was again a glimmering of peace. But the event which was the sign and token of the era so confidently expected really occurred in the closing of the temple of Janus by Augustus in the midst of universal peace, of which our Blessed Lord was the primary and efficient, but Augustus the secondary and apparent, cause. If this was so, it may even be that we see a double purpose in the poem—viz., to carry on the prediction of the Messiah and also to flatter his Sovereign, as in Raffaele's Madonna della Sedia we may trace in the intended ideal representation of our Blessed Lady the lineaments of some contemporary beauty.

3. If the poem had no direct or indirect reference to our Lord, then the solemn prediction of the Sibyl with the lines—

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,

Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto ;

again the lines—

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisque videbit

Permistos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,

if they have reference to our Lord, are very pregnant with meaning. I do not deny that they can with some plausibility be construed to refer to the death of Cæsar, particularly when taken with the line which follows (*vide ante.*), but also they may equally be taken to apply to Pollio, who is apostrophised in the line preceding. If you exclude the reference to the Messiah altogether, these predictions must be considered to have had their ultimate fulfilment in Augustus. There was a partial fulfilment, certainly, in the advent of an era of peace, but in what way are we to discover in the Imperial system the regeneration of mankind and of the world foreshadowed in the words "nova progenies" et "magnus ordo"?

4. Nevertheless Virgil was a true prophet, in so far as the era of peace was the subject-matter of the prediction ; but this, supposing the praises of Octavius to have been the sole thought of the poet, is the most puzzling thing of all.

5. Virgil, however, on this supposition, was a true prophet as to one point only, but the whole prediction was singularly and completely

fulfilled in our Lord ; and, moreover, the time of the fulfilment of the one part and of the whole was coincident.

6. A similar argument would apply to the other predictions concerning the birth of Octavius, supposing them real and preternatural, and not fabulous or invented after the event.

7. If, as I think the writer makes out with some success, the poem was written for the "Ludi Sæculares," it enforces the point that Virgil predicted according to the tradition of the older prophecy of the Sibyl, and not according to the tone of flattery in vogue at the Court—as yet scarcely a Court—of Octavius, *et al.* 23.

I must remark in conclusion that whereas, according to the theory now broached, the poem had actual reference to the career of a young man then twenty-three years old, it must be conceded, making every allowance for poetic license, that the prediction had ostensible reference to a child, and what is still more remarkable, was singularly fulfilled in a Child. And although we must see its fulfilment in the main, in a spiritual sense, yet there was a memorable event, not only in token but actually in testification of the accomplishment of universal peace, which, as is generally believed, took place in the same year in which this Child was born.

But I think I have said enough to vindicate the older belief as still a tenable opinion, and which may stand without the imputation of "critical shallowness" and "unauthorised assumption" even "in these days of criticism."

Yours very faithfully,

ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.

Jan. 2, 1870.

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[The writer of the article commented on in the foregoing letter conceives that his view of Virgil's design in the Eclogue does not in any way deny a prophetic character to the Sibylline verses, from which, in the main, he supposes the poet to have drawn his imagery. On the contrary, the theory requires at the very least that the Sibylline verses should have been considered as prophetic. Whether the Sibyls derived their anticipations of the future from a direct revelation, or had access to the Sacred Writings, is a distinct question which he has forborne to discuss. It may also be well to remember that Virgil is not the only poet of the Augustan age who has used language which sounds like the echo of Scripture. There are many lines in Horace's famous Sixteenth Epode which recal the expressions of the Eclogue inscribed to Pollio.]

## Textile Fabrics at South Kensington.

AMONGST the works of Art of so many kinds, and representing the industry and the skill of so many countries and periods, in the South Kensington Museum, the collection of textile fabrics occupies a prominent place. The Department of Science and Art has very wisely determined to put out a learned descriptive account of this section of the museum collections.\* It fills a large octavo volume of 356 pages, with a learned treatise on the whole subject of 161 pages by way of preface, and it is illustrated with plates in chromo-lithography. It will be money well spent if a series of such works make their appearance. The textile fabrics consist of dresses, church vestments, and liturgical appliances, such as altar frontals, veils, burses, and so forth, besides pieces of secular dresses, furniture or accoutrements, of every description. They have been acquired for the museum at various times. The most important and richest part of the collection, however, was purchased from Dr. Bock, a learned Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, who searched Europe to get them. He had been fired by the achievements of the elder Pugin and Canon Rock himself in this same direction, their object being, especially, the revival of good art applied to such manufactures for the improvement of our Church vestments here in England.

The Department judiciously purchased a collection the equal of which, consisting of such perishable goods, was not likely to be made again. Indeed, the very difficulty of getting together this collection rendered a second less to be hoped for, for many of the best pieces are but fragments, and, of course, large specimens, such as copes, chasubles, &c., are too splendid and showy in themselves to be likely to remain, or to be found, in private hands. Thus a collection of splendid examples of the loom and the needle, each worked with an industry and indefatigability almost incredible, and embodying great beauties of conception and execution, characteristic of many ages and countries, yet for ever reproduced

\* *A Descriptive Catalogue of Church Vestments, Dresses, &c., forming that Section of the Museum.* By the Very Rev. Daniel Rock, D.D. Large 8vo. London, 1870.

in new and varied forms, has owed its origin to the genuine feeling for mediæval art of two of our own countrymen. By a happy coincidence the more learned of these has been selected as the historian of these monuments of forgotten splendour.

The task committed to Dr. Rock is as worthily, as it was sure to be learnedly and accurately, done. We have, however, much more than the mere antiquarian lore that readers would have expected in the description of historical specimens. The early history of all the different fabrics that have been woven or otherwise worked is carefully traced out, and the methods of manufacture are minutely explained. Gold, we find, has at all times been used in one way or other, and worked into the material\* of the more costly kind of textiles, though rarely as pure threads of metal. Generally gold is found beaten thin and wound on silk or thread; sometimes thin slips of parchment have been gilt and woven up with silk or linen, as, for instance, amongst the Spanish Moors. In certain cases, when funeral or other trappings or furniture had to be provided of a splendid kind for one single occasion, patterns have been simply gilded on the silk; such decorations have been found on grave clothes in old coffins in this country. Silver twined with yellow silk, and silver gilt still more generally, are found in these specimens, and, indeed, are the material with which costly gold lace and fringe is still made at the present time. *Holosericum* was the ancient title of the material next in rank—silk, pure in the warp and the woof; and it had at all times, as still, various modifications, such as a cotton or hempen warp with silk in the woof only, and was known in those forms as *subsericum*.

Of course the oldest material woven for clothing, from the days of Eve throughout all history, has been wool. So careful were the ancients in dressing wool that it was, according to Pliny, plucked rather than sheared in some countries; in others the sheep were kept clothed, so that the original purity of the white should not be sullied. Indeed, some of the facts stated by Dr. Rock in illustration of the minuteness and exactitude of some ancient methods of spinning and weaving, would be incredible but for the mummy cloths by which these statements are substantiated. Thus Amasis, King of Egypt, sent, according to Herodotus, to the Lacedæmonians\* a corslet of linen for their statue of Minerva, embroidered or woven with a vast number of animals on it. The twists of linen composing the material contained each 360 distinct threads or strands, and all visible. In proof of this astonishing account Dr.

\* Herod. iii., 47.

Rock quotes Mr. Salt's description of a piece of mummy cloth in the British Museum, made of "yarn of 100 hanks to the pound—140 threads in each inch of the warp and 64 in the woof;" while another at Thebes showed 152 in the warp and 71 in the woof. These are some of the curiosities of textile history. They testify to the patience, care, and subtlety with which works not very uncommon were executed, in days when no spinning machinery came to cheapen labour, or, by the exact action of mechanical repetition, to save the workmen from these laborious and incessant calculations.

We get a glimpse of early British skill in these arts of weaving and dyeing from the account of the dress of Boadicea, with its many stripes or cheques, perhaps some foretaste of those picturesque and ample skirts, though short, in which Stuarts and Frasers, Macdonalds and Macleods, still fight and stalk deer, and make those wonderful jumps about the edge of the claymore that characterise the ballets of North Britain. The British speciality was wool, and the different castes, the Sacerdotal, Bardic, and that of the leeches or natural philosophers, were distinguished by stripes of white, blue, and green severally in their mantles. Cotton found its way to us from India, where it has been always finely spun and gaily stained, hemp from Scandinavia, and flax from the Nile. The flax was "now balled," as we know, when the Mosaic storm swept over the unaccustomed plains of Egypt within the rainless latitudes.

The most interesting history connected with these valuable materials is that belonging to silk. This costly texture and its substance came comparatively late into Europe and the countries bordering the Mediterranean basin. The history of silk may be said to run parallel with that of Christian art and the splendour with which Christian worship has been invested. If it was known to the Romans this was only under the Empire. Titus and Vespasian were dressed in silk for the famous pageant which has left us all the visible memorials we have of the sacred vessels of the Jews, still existing sculptured inside the Arch of Titus. Heliogabalus, who made curious provision for putting himself out of the world whenever he should decide that he had had enough of it, caused a rope to be made to facilitate the process; one of its strands was of silk, and all were humorously dyed. The Emperors could scarcely afford silk for dresses for their wives, though we do hear of an awning or awnings of silk over the Coliseum, a feat which Jerome, the French painter, has represented in his picture of the "*Morituri te salutant*"—the bow made by the gladiators to the



Emperor before beginning their savage performances. The painter has represented an impossible piece of engineering in his notion of a tent of which *the base* is the top wall of the Coliseum area, and the peak some mast or masts planted in the arena, and rising, therefore, to a height of many hundred feet, and requiring bulk and a system of shrouds, stays, &c., such as we shall not venture to dwell on; whereas no single tent has probably ever exceeded the magnificent contrivance of Captain Fowke in our Horticultural Gardens in Kensington. No material, of course, could ever hold together under such a strain, or the hundredth of it, as that indicated by the French painter. Awnings were probably strained *from* the masts on the top wall of the Coliseum, and from others *downwards* in convenient widths over each tier of benches, sloping so as to give the spectators, nevertheless, full command of the central arena, as the sloping floors of the tiers of boxes in our modern theatres. Whether silk was ever so plentiful as to make more than portions of these awnings conceivable in that material is very doubtful. Silk was precious in the days of Justinian, and Greek Monks or Missionaries are said to have brought eggs from China in the hollows of their cane staves to Constantinople. The eggs were hatched, and from that time the worm was carefully and regularly bred and cultivated in the Byzantine Empire. According to Benjamin of Tudela, 2,000 Greeks reared silkworms in his time, in Thebes alone.

The middle ages were profuse in the use of silk for the splendours of ecclesiastical furniture and the pageants of feudal chivalry. It was in more universal use in Asia. The vast belt of gardens so shady and fertile, watered and permeated by the many bright streams of water that make the plains of Damascus green and gay, grow and ever have grown forests of mulberry trees; as the sloping banks and terraces that dip down on the Western sides of the Lebanon, both in the sunny vallies of Cœle Syria and the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. All through the middle ages when the Saracen hordes poured over those once favoured regions, and though partially beaten back, regained their sway, the dresses, flags, even the tents of the emirs, were gay with silk, and some even made wholly of it. Dr. Rock tells us that the earliest mention of silk is by Aristotle. Its progress was from China by way of the Indian Ocean. It so found its way to Cos. It had therefore probably been in wide use in Asia before it was so generally known, and the worm cultivated, at Constantinople and in Continental Greece.

The sketch which our author gives of the splendid silk stuffs, hangings, &c., that we find noticed in various records of mediæval England is full of interest. Thus we hear of the silk hangings given on special historical occasions to the high altar of Westminster Abbey by Henry III., and similarly of sets of vestments made for St. Paul's, and various churches. Silk was then known by various quaint names—"Samit," or "Exsamit," from the six strands composing the twist it was made of; "Seglataun," from its shining surface. From the Saracens we derive "Sarcenet" as applied to fine and delicate webs.

Satin seems to owe its origin to Italian weavers. Velvet found its way to Spain and thence to Lucca. Sicily became great in all these fabrics when Roger had made himself master of Thebes, Athens, and Corinth. The cities of Palermo, of Genoa and Venice, came later to be manufacturers and exporters of these fabrics. Venice adopted the rich addition of gold, not only to the silks as we see them still woven in such splendour in various parts of India and Syria, but to velvets also. Various specimens of ecclesiastical vestments are still to be seen at South Kensington, having delicate gold threads frizzed or curled in amongst the pile of the Florentine velvet. At Florence, too, velvets were woven in relief, rich masses of design may be seen raised with an extra pile above the velvet ground. Milan rather retained its reputation by its highly-tempered and chased armour. A curious kind of silk of which we seem to have no present record was "marbled" silk, so woven, or so dyed or printed, as to look like marble. Incidentally we are told of the "Lord Tresorer with C gret horsse and ther cotes of marbull," escorting the "old Qwyne of Schottes" as she "rod throught London in Nov., 1551."

To turn to the materials of the loom in which our own country has been most successful, we have, before all others, wool. From the days of Boadicea and her stripes or chequers already noticed, and throughout the middle ages, woollen goods and broadcloth have been staple manufactures, the ell suggesting the measure of the long arrow "cloth yard shafts."

The monks of Bath set up a great industry of this kind in that western capital. The town of Worsted in Norfolk has given its name to other methods of wool fabrication. Scotland has preserved to us in the national costume a memorial of its homespuns and the dyes which have, probably, distinguished the clans from time immemorial. Ireland early obtained a name for its linen cloths. Dr. Rock notices these as early as the days of King John. Knowing the advantages which the moist Irish climate possesses for the

toughness of natural grown fibres, and [the [immense skill and ingenuity of which the Irish goldsmith's work and Irish architectural monuments offer such striking proofs, we can hardly suppose that Ireland was behind Great Britain in any of these productions.

Further it is to be remarked that all the learning and accomplishment of the early middle ages had its origin, and was for some generations cultivated only, within the cloister. We are astounded when we read of the numbers which the convents and monasteries of both sexes in Ireland contained, of the learning these establishments cultivated, of the manual labour they held as essential within their walls: and we may well credit that island with a greater state of industrial advancement in the early years of modern history than the other countries of the north of Europe. St. Columbanus, who peopled Ireland and the western highlands of Scotland with an army of fervent disciples, and founded the vast monastic system in Burgundy, introduced and upheld for several generations the learning, and agriculture, and manual skill, that were afterwards the special province of the disciples of St. Benedict. But all sorts of industry flourished in those hives of vigorous, untiring labourers, and the open-air labours so suited to the monks were replaced by the spinning, weaving, and needlework in the case of the monasteries of nuns. Indeed, this general occupation of women not married, and when not engaged in devotion or household duties, was indicated in our language by the name of "Spinster" that we still retain.

The labours of the women of the middle ages in this field are still further illustrated in the collection at Kensington by the embroidery and the needlework, the lace, and the tapestries, that in the earlier specimens were worked in various ways by hand, and in later and more scientific times were produced, on a larger scale, in the loom.

The world-wide fame of the tapestry at Bayeux has assigned it to the fingers of the Queen of William the Conqueror and her maidens. This authorship Dr. Rock utterly rejects, and considers it as work done by other hands, in London, and not in Normandy. The authorship of the Bayeux tapestry was not attributed to Matilda earlier than 1730. Dr. Rock considers that it must have been made in London, probably by order of Henry II., early in the twelfth century, as a gift to the Church of Bayeux, which had been burnt down and rebuilt. However this may be, it is certain that England was famous for an elaborate and costly

kind of needlework known as *Opus Anglicum*. Various names were given to its varieties, but the *Opus Plumarium*, "feather-stitch," was the most famous, and the country fortunately possesses an unique specimen of this work in the "Syon cope," formerly the property of the Syon Monastery, and purchased from one of our own Bishops for the Museum, as being no longer fitted for modern wear, and of the greatest national archæological interest. Our readers may see this any day in the Museum, conveniently opened out in a glass case. It is worked with the needle, ground and all, in silk and gold. The colour of the ground has faded from crimson into a rich tawney hue. The whole vestment is covered with panels or divisions, square, with circular foils on each side. These are marked out in gold and silk, and filled with figure subjects vigorously designed with the best drawing known in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. The heads, limbs, and dresses are elaborately worked, with all the tints and colours of nature, in different silks and gold thread. It is equal to the finest painting of that day. The colours are faded to some extent we may be sure, and the work will be thought harsh, partly for this reason, by those who look in old art for the softness and fulness of the days of Titian. The orphrey, or border, is of later date, as can be seen at a glance. The old work has been cut, perhaps was worn out, near the bottom, to make room for this border. But the border is, itself, a most valuable addition, being completely covered with heraldry. We may refer any visitor to Dr. Rock's own account for a full description of this well-known specimen, and the learned Canon must be considered to have summed up all the lore that has been bestowed on this valuable national possession.

Curious pieces of *opus consutum* are also to be seen at the museum: figure subjects composed by cutting out the parts in coloured cloths, the bordering and filling up of the design being finished by means of braid or embroidery. Most spirited, picturesque, and artistically effective, this work will be found by the student of these archæological treasures. Another kind of embroidery included the use of plaques, or thin plates of gilt metal, sometimes of enamel, to enhance its effectiveness. Enamel, we are informed, is of ancient British origin in its earliest form. How superb might be the use of plates of silver, gilt metal, or enamel, on silk, we may imagine from the account of the Earl of Warwick's ship, with its four hundred *Pencils*, or small flags, and its pennant or streamer, one hundred and twenty feet long and twenty-four feet broad, bearing a "griffin holding a ragged

staff poudred full of ragged staffs," being metal plaques mounted on the silk, sailing gallantly to the shores of France.

With the help of Canon Rock's catalogue, the collection at South Kensington offers to us a glimpse of that wonderful period that had its opening in the "storms and hurricanes, the tremblings and earthquakes," that heralded the new birth of European society—that wonderful mediæval period that began to die out with Elizabeth, and utterly broke up with the French Revolution: the dramatic season of modern history, when the imagination had its fullest sway. Christianity moulded the Europe that came into sight a thousand years after the Christian era; but the process was a succession of fierce struggles, and the victory was won through a terrible process of suffering. Modern thought is occupied with introspection and analysis, and pursues its investigations on scientific principles of dissection and research. It is opposed to, or has not the confidence to venture on, this dramatic action in daily life. The ordinary world does not look for virtue, or seek for glory in suffering, acting, or pursuing heroic ends openly and visibly in the face of men, except when war wakes us up from our more scientific systems and brings back the barbarism, the violence, and, with these, the heroism and personal self-sacrifices of other times. Outward personal splendour, the display of our wealth, or our rank or quest, on our backs or accoutrements would be out of place in general—the profession of arms excepted.

But this earlier period which the splendid remnants of feudal or religious display here bring before us is worth consideration, as something more than an archaeological study. We are reminded of more than this when we see fragments of knightly belts, surcoats, horse furniture, tattered shreds of "cloths of estate," hung up once, perhaps, in the gaunt hall made festive for some great occasion; or of breadths of stuff that were draped from the windows of Cheapside and waved about to the clang of the London bells, the "tium tium" of the hoofs of heavy horses; when some unfortunate Richard II., or happier Elizabeth of York, or wife-killing Henry VIII., kept alive the passion for these brilliant pageants so popular in our old metropolis. Here too are rags that come down from the days of the Crusaders, when warriors rode into the Mosque of Omar up to their horses' knees in blood one day, and visited the shrines, shedding very genuine tears, the next! Pieces of stuff that may have braved the day when twelve thousand men on one side held their ground on the slopes of a vineyard against sixty thousand gallant warriors

on the other, headed by their King in person. Of course, much must be conjectural in the attempt to assign a definite origin to rags and remnants. But the ecclesiastical dresses are certainly authentic, and, though they have undergone repairs and sometimes such changes as fashion or rubrics have prescribed, they are substantially the old dresses, and were worn when the altered aspect of our present Europe was little dreamed of.

To those who look for good examples and splendid methods of decorating such vestments, or who would see, on the other hand, by what simple means our ancestors made dresses, hangings, and fabrics, generally artistic and effective, the catalogue and the collection, to which it serves as an introduction, will not fail to be of genuine interest.

In conclusion, we must say we think the public every way the gainers when a national institution like the Science and Art Department puts forward works of solid learning, such as this book by Canon Rock, carefully got up and illustrated. The only regret we have, is that Mr. Vincent Brookes has not been ordered to execute, in chromo-lithography, a far larger number than he has of the specimens described. The public will not grudge expense for which it gets so substantial and so agreeable a return, and we hope to see future editions better provided in this respect, and more useful in consequence to the weaver or embroiderer who means to make the fabrics of the country more artistic and beautiful; while they will claim from the literary public, and from foreign nations, the just recognition of the exertions of the Department for the better training of teachers and workmen in all forms and diversities of Art.

J. H. P.

## Our Library Table.

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1. UNDER the title *Is Healthful Reunion Impossible?* (a Second Letter to the Very Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.), Dr. Pusey has published a third Part of his *Eirenicon*. It will, we fear, excite little interest among Catholics, and perhaps will hardly be received with any great enthusiasm among Anglicans themselves. Giving Dr. Pusey—as Catholic writers have always given him—credit for the best intentions, and allowing, as we at least are prepared to allow, that a certain amount of good must have resulted from the controversy which his strangely-named book was certain to occasion—nay, allowing still further that he has himself done service to the cause of peace by putting into the minds of Anglicans the notion that negotiations and explanations between England and Rome were possible, and might be fruitful, however little we may think him to have served that cause by the details, the method, and even the tone of his own contribution to the literature of the subject—allowing, we say, all this, it is still clear that the *Eirenicon* itself has been a conspicuous failure, a failure not altogether on account of the intrinsic difficulties of the subject-matter, or of the existence of strong feeling or prejudice on either side, but also of the unfortunate necessity of Dr. Pusey's own position, which forced him to attack Catholic truths in order to find a footing for his own constrained allegiance to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to make his proposals for peace in language which would at the same time be useful to deter from submission to the Church the very many souls among Anglicans (with whose number he is no doubt perfectly well acquainted) who wish to save themselves in the bosom of unity without waiting for Archbishops of Canterbury, or even Canons of Christ Church, to escort them on the journey. As Catholic controversialists, we cannot take leave of this discussion without renewing our protest that though Dr. Pusey's failure was inevitable, it need not have been so signal nor have created so much sharp discussion but for certain characteristics of the method and manner of the writer who opened the question which we shall not further specify—some of which, indeed, he will certainly never be at loss how to specify to himself as often as he calls to mind Dr. Newman's matchless epigram about the olive branch and the catapult. But we have no desire whatever to return to this unpleasant subject, and we shall willingly refrain from criticising in detail the new volume, or part of a volume, now before us, for the very reason that certain of the characteristics of the first *Eirenicon* appear to us to be here again displayed, though, we are happy to say, in a greatly modified degree.



We make no doubt at all that when, at the very outset of his letter, Dr. Pusey tells his friend, "I have ever submitted my credenda to a power beyond myself," he is perfectly sincere. This power, however, must, we fear, be a power that is, and has been for many centuries, absolutely dormant and silent, and we see no course for a person under such circumstances, when in any practical difficulty as to his "credenda"—and perhaps even Dr. Pusey has sometimes been in such a difficulty—but to interpret his silent authority as well as he can for himself. We suppose that Dr. Pusey receives the *Filioque* in the Creed, not because "the whole Church, including the Greek and Anglican communions" [why no other?] has defined it, but because *he* thinks it a part of revelation. Dr. Pusey, in the same passage, asserts his "identity of principle" with Dr. Newman as to the authority of the Church—*only*, as Dr. Newman has observed to him, "defining the Church differently." Now, if people have an identical principle as to which there is a difference of definition—a principle, moreover, which if that difference were removed, would put both in presence of an authority which would at once settle all further questions, it is obvious that their best, and indeed their only chance of agreeing, lies in the elucidation of whatever doubts may exist as to the object to which the terms of the principle apply. And when Dr. Pusey quietly goes on to write three hundred and fifty pages more as if his own view as to this differently defined principle were to be taken for granted without discussion, it must be obvious that he leaves altogether untouched the one vital point as to which, before all others, agreement is necessary. This, added to the notorious fact that the position taken up by him as to the further points of difference between Catholics and Anglicans would be immediately repudiated by the authorities of the latter, and indeed by the vast majority of their clergy and laity, will certainly tend to deprive his overtures—so to call them—of all practical interest.

It does not, however, follow that they are absolutely unpractical and nugatory. They may influence certain minds in the Anglican communion, and prepare them for the future reception of Catholic truths, while the more controversial and less uncaptious part of the argument will leave but a faint impression. We hope that it may be so, and we give the writer before us the full benefit of so good an object, as far as he will allow us. We are sincerely sorry to see that he has not been able to resist the temptation to a final attack upon Pontifical Supremacy and Infallibility—an easy task to any one who will take the trouble to write out certain passages of the *Defensio Cleri Gallicani*, of Monsignor Maret's late work, and of the already refuted *Janus*, without attending to the many answers which those books have received. We should have thought that Dr. Pusey could hardly write the name of Bossuet without unpleasant reminiscences, and we must protest against the assumption, as a matter of certainty, that the authors of *Janus* are Catholics.

We ought, perhaps, in conclusion, to notice the complaints made by

Dr. Pusey as to the treatment which his *Eirenicon* has received at the hands of Catholic critics. He speaks of the "disdain or condemnation" with which the "far-off suggestions of reconciliation were received by some" Catholics—which disdain, he says, has not yet been "mitigated." It is surely obvious to reply, that disdain or condemnation may reasonably fall on suggestions, even of reconciliation, if they are made in a manner which naturally arouses such feelings, and we might ask Dr. Pusey whether this has not been the case in this particular instance. We have no wish to do more than to assert the fact. It would be a disgrace to Catholic writers if they were not charitably and affectionately disposed towards any one who comes forward as a peacemaker from the ranks of their separated brethren, provided he does not offer them a stone when they expect bread, or when they "ask for a fish, reach unto them a serpent." As a matter of fact, the animadversions of Catholic critics have not been addressed to the object of Dr. Pusey's work so far as that object was peaceful, but to the numberless and serious misstatements and misconceptions—as they asserted—with which his book was crowded, as well as to other minor points to which we need only allude. The accuracy of the judgment formed as to these matters by Catholic writers may be questioned or disproved, but there can be no doubt that unless this be done, the "condemnation" of which Dr. Pusey complains was natural and inevitable, and it is by means fair to speak of its having been meted out to "suggestions of reconciliation" as such.

Again, at the end of the present volume Dr. Pusey speaks of himself as having been misunderstood by writers on the Catholic side, as "having an ulterior object" in what he "wrote as an *Eirenicon*," as having "educated his party," as trying to "form a new front"—as "teaching our controversialists what points to abandon, what to strengthen, and how to strengthen them," and while "professing peace, concentrating our ranks for war" (pp. 337—338). He complains of this, as impugning his sincerity. It is certainly true, that there has been an impression very generally entertained that the *Eirenicon* was a controversial work, partly meant to attack the position of the very Church which its author approached as a negotiator of peace. This impression was founded on the book itself, and is, as we think, not only justified by it, but the only reasonable opinion concerning it. The *Eirenicon* has been hailed by Protestants as a new armoury of weapons against Rome, just as *Janus* has been hailed by writers of Dr. Pusey's own stamp as a fresh justification of their own position. The *Eirenicon* has been used in this way by some of the most anti-Catholic writers in the country, and we must add our belief, that it will continue so to be used—notwithstanding its many errors and their exposure—long after Dr. Pusey has passed away from the scene of controversy. We have never doubted for a moment that the book was written with the distinct object of hindering conversions to Catholicism, and unless Dr. Pusey can deny this, we do not see that

he has any complaint against his critics. He may think himself fully justified from his own point of view, in hindering conversions, but he can have no right to accuse those who say that he aims at this of impugning his sincerity.

Lastly, we must remark on the language used by Dr. Pusey as to the "strictures" made on his theological and literary accuracy by Father Harper\* and others. These strictures have been made in fair discussion, and no one who has read them can doubt that they are at least of such weight and character—if well founded—as to render it seriously incumbent on Dr. Pusey, as a theological writer, to answer them. We do not see that dealing with them should be a thing which Dr. Pusey "loathes," an "ungrateful" and "hateful" task. They are either true or false. If they are true, Dr. Pusey has something more to do than to leave them alone; he has to acknowledge their truth. If they are false, he has to give those who have made them the opportunity of seeing and acknowledging their falsehood. In either case, they are fair and honest comments on public and important statements, for which Dr. Pusey has freely and deliberately made himself responsible. He may be indifferent to his own reputation; but what if others have accepted, on his authority, statements which turn out to be false?

2. Again it is our privilege to lay before our readers a few observations on that most useful and learned work, *The Liturgical Year* (*The Liturgical Year: Septuagesima and Lent*. Two vols, 8vo. Duffy, 1870). To the learned and laborious Dom Laurence Shepherd we are indebted for an excellent translation, in two volumes, of the third and fourth sections of the *Année Liturgique* of the Abbé Gueranger, embracing the "season of Septuagesima," which comprises the three weeks immediately preceding Lent, and the "season of Lent," as the first weeks of that penitential period are emphatically designated in the Liturgy. It is true, indeed, that the Passion and Holy Weeks are really comprised in Lent, and are, in fact, its most sacred and important parts; still, since the Liturgy appropriates to each a distinct name, our author has wisely entitled the second volume, which has just appeared, "Lent," reserving the titles of Passiontide and Holy Week to the succeeding volume, which, we are happy to learn, is already in the press, and will be laid before the public before we shall be called upon to commemorate the sorrowful mysteries of our dear Lord's life.

Whether we consider the learning and research of these volumes,

\* It must, we suppose, be by what the French call a "distraction" that Dr. Pusey puts a note at the end of his volume "*To the Binder*" that "this volume is to have an Appendix in answer to *Mr. Harper's strictures*." Is the binder so very deeply interested in the contents of the Appendix? This is an odd way of announcing an answer to a controversial opponent, and Dr. Pusey must surely be aware that the distinguished writer whom he names is not more commonly spoken of as *Mr. Harper* than he himself as *Mr. Pusey*.

or the piety which they breathe, or the obvious advantages to be derived from them in these days, when the Catholic Church in this land is *putting on beauty and girding herself*, and when conscientious Protestants are braving popular prejudices and disregarding anti-Catholic State enactments, in order to adopt the livery and prayers and symbolism of the ancient Church, we are filled with admiration and gratitude—admiration at the excellence of the volumes under review, and gratitude for their introduction to an English public. A thousand agents are busily writing on the tomb-stone of English Catholicism, “Resurgam,” but not the least noticeable of these agents are the time-honoured Benedictine Fathers, bearing in their hands in the nineteenth century the glorious Liturgies of God’s Church, with their hymns and sacred symbolism and all but inspired prayers, and continued series of heart-stirring festivities. They entered England in a not dissimilar manner in the sixth century. As they came they sang in the sweet language of Rome the Alleluia and the Litany and the Holy Mass, and for ages they were not only the leading Prelates of the Church but also the most distinguished scholars of the world. Their works stand forth, like the monuments of Egyptian or Grecian greatness, towering like pyramids above all minor works; and if for a time, owing to causes which it is not our task to investigate, the glorious body retired into comparative obscurity, it was not before it had given to Catholicism the best editions and commentaries of the Sacred Scriptures, and a collection of the Fathers unrivalled in criticism and verbal accuracy. Even in the eighteenth century the Order was as illustrious as it had ever been, for among her children she numbered De la Rue and Garnier, Ruinart and Nourry, Touttée and Massuet, and the Colossi of literature, Mabillon and Montfaucon. Truly there were giants in those days. Another body of learned Benedictines of equal industry is now settled at Solesmes, and from that sanctuary works worthy of the best days of monastic acumen constantly appear. *Crescat in millia millium* is our earnest prayer.

No one, we think, can read even cursorily the two volumes before us without being struck by the amount of research which characterises them. From all countries and ages, and from every kind of symbolical and liturgical works, our author has derived collateral evidence of the doctrines and practices of the services of the Church of Rome. We are favoured with lengthened extracts from the Benedictine, Dominican, and Franciscan, as well as from the Greek, Gothic, and German, Mazarabic, and Ambrosian Liturgies; whilst the sweet hymns of the Menæa and Triodion, of Damasus and Gregory, Prudentius and Damian and St. Andrew of Crete, delight the reader by the beauty of the poetry which they contain, and the clearest expressions of belief in, and highest appreciation of, Catholic doctrine. Dr. Pusey and his un-Catholic followers will hardly dare, after a perusal of these ancient documents, to assert a connection with the Church of the past, the leading teachers of which did not hesitate to address the Virgin Mother of God as “the only hope of

man," "the destroyer of sin," "the deliverer from evil," and "the one commanding her Son." "Tu sola spes hominis; tota sine macula maculosos expians, nos a pœnis libera tremendi judicii."

O felix puerpera,  
Nostra pians scelera,  
Jure matris impera  
Redemptori.

Even as a treasury of sacred remains and evidences the work is beyond all praise, and deserving of the esteem of every Catholic.

But the work has a higher aim than the elucidation of archaisms or ancient observances; its direct object is to explain the order of the services of the Church, their mutual relations, and the feelings of devotion and love which they are intended to generate; and the realisation of such an end is indeed a noble one. Unfortunately, comparatively few persons ever attend to the order and object of our Church seasons and festivals. Sunday comes, with its weekly Mass and Sermons and Vespers and Benediction; Lent, too, with its fasts and purple clothing; and Easter with its Alleluias and Paschal obligations and friendly salutations, and so on with other seasons and festivals; but as for the general bearings of season on season, feast on feast, or the continuous effort on the part of the Church to realise some very definite purpose, or the tone of mind to be assiduously cultivated, these are matters too often overlooked, and, indeed, if the whole truth must be told, wholly ignored by the masses. This was not so, however, formerly. The *Practical Catechism*, with its lessons for every Sunday in the year, printed in the year 1718, but especially the *Practical Catechism for the Sundays, Feasts, and Fasts of the whole Year*, which was published in 1749, are most full and instructive. They develop in the clearest language the history of the various seasons and festivals, their object, and the practices and virtues which ought mainly engage, at each period, the attention of the earnest Catholic. In fact they are an anticipated epitome of the great work now under review. It is much to be regretted that this class of works, overflowing with solid and most practical instruction, has been too generally supplanted by religious novels and tales, from which, notwithstanding their real merit, comparatively little profit is derivable; for, as the history of our forefathers proves, knowledge begets love and love practice, and practices of holiness make the little flock the parents of a future "Kingly Priesthood and holy nation."

The Septuagesima observances, which may commence as early as the 18th of January, but never later than the 22nd of February, are looked upon by the Church as a gradual preparation for the solemn season of Lent. During this time no *Gloria* is sung, no *Te Deum* is said, no *Alleluia* is repeated. The garments of the ministers of religion are purple, and the general appearance is calculated to remind us of one "whose heart is turned to mourning and whose organ is the voice of one who weeps." The Offices of the period recal the fall of our first parents, the miseries entailed upon man by sin, the depravity

of the human race and the terrible chastisement of the deluge where-with man's revolt was punished, the necessity of a Saviour and the covenant made by God, through Abraham, with those who are faithful and shun the maxims of a guilty world. These lessons are calculated, when continually meditated on, to make a deep impression; to fill the mind with a horror of sin, a desire to repent, and a resolution to adopt those penitential observances which the Church shall subsequently enjoin. To perpetuate this feeling, the pious author suggests that we should, even while reciting the Lord's Prayer and Creed and assisting at Mass, dwell on the respective words "forgive us our trespasses," "the remission of sins," and "Lord have mercy on us." The explanations of the Lessons and Gospels are singularly striking. They make one feel the beauty and value of the divine words and a desire to see, not a commentary of a portion of the Sacred Scripture, but of the entire of the divine writings from one so able to breathe into them the breath of life and to convert "the letter which killeth into the spirit which vivifies."

The duration of the Lenten fast has varied considerably at various times; nor is it, perhaps, possible to state at what precise time the Universal Church began to observe a fast of forty days. It is clear from St. Irenæus, that even in his time a great diversity of practice existed (apud Euseb., *H. E.*, l. v., c. xxiv.). In the time of St. Gregory the Great, although St. Leo and other Pontiffs had spoken and written much on the Quadragesima, or forty days' fast, it is quite clear that the fast lasted only thirty-six days. "There are," says St. Gregory, "from this day to the joyous feast of Easter, six weeks—that is, forty-two days. As we do not fast on the six Sundays, there are but thirty-six fasting days, . . . which we offer to God as the tithe of our year." Even in the year 860, Nicholas I., in his Letter to the Bulgarians, allows that thirty-six days only were devoted to the Lenten fast. It would seem from the statement of Ratramn, the far-famed monk of Corbie, who wrote about the year 840, that four additional days were added to the fast in France, and from France the custom eventually spread over a considerable portion of the western world (see Ratramn, *Contra. Græc. oppos.*, l. iv., c. iv.). Ash Wednesday was then honoured by the distinctive title, "head of the fast," it being the first of the additional four days added to the penitential season of Lent. It is probable that when the Church instituted, about a thousand years ago, the impressive ceremony of signing the foreheads of her children with ashes, she intended it only for such criminals as had incurred her censures. These presented themselves on Ash Wednesday at the porch of the church, and at the command of the Bishop were introduced into the sacred edifice, where they lay prostrate in the nave, while some psalms were chanted. After the prayer, the Bishop imposed his hands on them, placed sackcloth and ashes on their heads, and announced that, as Adam had been driven from Paradise on account of his disobedience, so they for their sins would be excluded from the church. They then walked to the porch, the doors were closed upon

them, nor were they again admitted till the Thursday of Holy Week to enter the church whence they had been expelled. When in the eleventh century the discipline of public penance began to fall into desuetude, nearly every Christian, from the Pope and Cardinals down to the lowest laic, went barefoot to receive the holy ashes, in testification of sorrow for sin and of a resolution and desire to sanctify the time of Lent by deeds of penance.

The fullest information is laid before the readers in the volume entitled "Lent" of the ancient observances of that penitential season, both in respect to the quality of the one meal and the hour at which it was to be taken, as well as the various modifications eventually introduced in the rigours of the forty days' fast. Not only was flesh meat wholly inhibited during that period for centuries, but also every kind of wine, as we are informed by St. Cyril of Jerusalem,\* St. Basil,† and St. Chrysostom,‡ and it was looked upon as criminal to partake, till after sunset, of any kind of food. Relaxations, however, became common in the tenth century; in the twelfth century they were nearly universally admitted, notwithstanding the most earnest reclamations of the Council of Rouen;§ and in the fourteenth, as we are told by Durandus,|| Popes and Cardinals even, did not scruple to take their meal immediately after mid-day. This dispensation, as might have been anticipated, superinduced another still more fatal to the strictness of the fast. The fatigues endured after the one meal necessitated the permission of a little additional support at the evening hour. This was called a *collation*, from a word derived from the Rule of St. Benedict, whose followers had been permitted for ages prior to the general change in the Lenten observance, to partake of a small quantity of wine on those fasts which were peculiar to their institute. This was drunk during the evening conference (*collatio*), and hence is derived the name by which the evening repast is now generally known.

On one point, however, the Church was for a long period absolutely unyielding. As is clear from the Letters of Innocent III., Boniface VIII., Clement VI., Gregory XI., Sixtus IV., Julius II., Clement VII., &c., the Pontiffs positively refused to grant permission to eat flesh meat, even to the noblest sovereigns, until they had carefully weighed the validity of the reasons assigned for the dispensation and been forced to acknowledge their sufficiency. They knew experimentally how one want begets another, and what fresh relaxations are the almost necessary consequences of a first concession. This was the case in the time of the great Innocent; it is singularly the case in the nineteenth century, when, as in Germany, Prussia, and Belgium, notwithstanding the most maternal indulgences of the Church, the laws of abstinence and fasting have become to a considerable portion of the population, little better than a dead letter.

\* Cat. iv. † Tom. i., de Jejunio. ‡ Hom. iv., ad pop Antioch.  
§ Hugo de St. Vlct in reg. St. Aug. c. iii. || In iv., dist. xv., q. ix., art. 7.



3. It is not always that the life of a literary lady includes enough interesting detail to fill three volumes. An authoress' autobiography is generally more or less coloured with the peculiar characteristics of her own writings; and when these are novels, there cannot but remain a slight suspicion that some little spice of romance has been allowed to tinge the pages of a more or less uneventful life. Lives, when unvarnished, are, like pictures, apt to be rather dull; but in the *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, authoress of *Our Village*, &c., related in a selection from her letters to her friends, edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange (London, 1870), there is neither dulness nor unreality. Miss Mitford—the daughter of an affectionate but spendthrift father, whose pen supported her parents and herself for many years—was happily gifted with an unconquerable enthusiasm, which enabled her to bear successive descents in the scale of wealth and society without losing her self-respect and her best friends. Throughout her letters there is no shade of complaint at her privations, nor a word of reproach to her father, whose folly and extravagance turned his family literally out of house and home. This high-spirited young lady never forgot her filial duty, and instead of hard or scornful words, which would in her case have been less inexcusable than in many, there is nothing but tender and familiar affection. Some of her earlier letters may be described as rather “gushing,” but years and trials soon obliterated such defects, and the correspondence of her later life is characterised by what was rare in her days, and is not too common now—a really liberal and independent judgment.

One or two extracts on matters of present interest may well be transferred to these pages. “July 7, 1843. . . Absentees, or clergy without congregations, will doubtless eventually disappear from Ireland. They ought to do so. But still there will doubtless be left an effective clergy of the Church of England persuasion; though I confess I should like to see churches for the Catholics also. I do not say clergy, for a zealous and devoted priesthood they have. There ought to be provision for both—for all. *But I suppose the Catholics would not accept a stipend now.*” (The italics are our own.) “Well, I have a faith in all righting itself, and that fine people becoming eventually as tranquil and as prosperous as the English.”

“Nov. 10, 1852. The people are crazy about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I read about a hundred pages, and found the book so painful that I put it down, and certainly am not likely to take it up again. It is one-sided, exaggerated, false—with some cleverness, but of a very disagreeable kind. Nevertheless, if there had been the great literary merit they talk of, I think I should have gone on. My belief is, that the *demerits* of the book have more to do with its popularity than any sort of excellence; the cant about slavery being a good cry—such as we English love to get up on certain subjects: against the Emperors, for instance, uncle and nephew, or against the Pope. After all, how little has this sort of immediate popularity to do with lasting reputation!”

"Autumn, 1853. It is not because Mr. — is a Tractarian that Mrs. — dislikes him, but because she considers him (truly enough, I think) as a mere smooth versifier, without an atom of poetry in him. . . . Of course, Mrs. — likes him none the better for remaining a Puseyite; because all the honest and earnest, and really clever, men of that school go immediately to Rome; Puseyism being nothing more nor less than Popery, in black and white—without the poetry, without the painting, without the music, without the architecture, without the exquisite beauty which wins the imagination in the ancient faith." (Of the more recent Anglican ritualists Miss Mitford would probably have said that "imitation is the sincerest flattery.") " . . . My favourite young friend is a Catholic convert, and I can quite understand the process: what I do not understand, is the claiming for the Church of England all that is repudiated in the Church of Rome. In Reading we have a clergyman who, whenever he can, gets around him seven assistants, and practises all the forms and ceremonies of the Mass, without any of the prestige. . . . The Anglicans, as they call themselves, have commonly a large female following; and, indeed, of nothing is one more ashamed than the way in which single women, old and young, run after curates. Living within thirty miles of Oxford, and the sons of all one's acquaintance belonging to that University, I have of course seen much of them, and have observed, from Dr. Newman downwards, all men of any intellect have either quietly drawn back from their peculiar tenets or have gone over to the Roman Catholic Church. . . . As a rule, Puseyism is a mere transition state for the many fine intellects who have passed through it."

4. Another fruitful and widely-spread Protestant fiction has just received its death-blow at the hands of Dr. Melia. The favourite accounts of the Waldenses, their early origin, the cruel persecutions with which they were visited, and their supposed pure and Evangelical doctrines, must be relegated for the future to the region of historical myths. It is very hard on Exeter Hall—but so it must be: at least, unless the frequenters of that hallowed place of resort are to be content—as some of their enemies have insinuated—to live upon controversial statements which all well-informed persons acknowledge to be deliberate falsehoods. Dr. Melia's work, *The Origin, Persecutions, and Doctrines of the Waldenses: from Documents, many now for the first time collected and edited* (Toovey), is simply and clearly drawn up. He devotes the first part to the question of the Origin of the Waldenses, proving from a large number of mediæval statements that they did not exist before the time of Waldesius in the twelfth century. The second part deals with the history of the Waldenses in Piedmont in the seventeenth century, as invented by the infamous John Leger, and with the supposed "massacre" of 1655, which elicited so much sympathy for them in England, and gave Milton occasion to write a famous sonnet. It turns out that the alleged

"depositions" of witnesses, taken down by notaries, and published first by Morland, Cromwell's Commissary in Italy, and afterwards by Leger himself in his history, were forgeries of the said Leger. Dr. Melia prints them in parallel columns with the true legal statements, as found in the authentic manuscript, the *Histoire Vritable des Vaudois*. No exposure of lying can be more complete. The third part of Dr. Melia's volume relates to the doctrines of the Waldenses, and disposes altogether of the delusion that the Waldenses formed "a link between Protestants and the primitive Church."

5. Mr. Colin Lindsay, a late convert to Catholicism, has given us an exceedingly useful book as the first-fruits of his zeal for the Church. He has drawn up the *Evidence for the Papacy* (Longmans) in a well-arranged form, leaving, for the most part, texts and documents to speak for themselves. The result is that we have in a perfectly accessible volume the authoritative elements of a fair decision on the momentous question which Mr. Lindsay, with so many others, has lately had to decide for himself. The work is thoroughly complete in its kind. It opens with an Introductory Letter—evidently addressed to some member or members of the writer's own family—in which the "Reasons for Secession" are temperately stated—the duty of inquiry, the characteristics by which the true Church is confessedly to be discerned, and the application of the test to existing bodies. Then follows the First Inquiry—as to the Supremacy of St. Peter, which is carried out with reference first to Scripture, and then to the Fathers. The several texts of Scripture which bear on the question are examined in detail, and the passages from the Fathers are given in a long series. An analysis of the Patristic evidence, and a chapter in which the objections that are usually urged are stated and considered, conclude this part of the volume. The same method is then followed as to the Second Inquiry—as to the Supremacy of the Pope as the Successor of St. Peter. The evidence from tradition is here naturally more rich than in the former part, and the witness of Fathers, Councils, Emperors, and the Acts of the Popes themselves, are ranged under separate heads. Here, also, we have a careful summary and consideration of the usual objections. An ample index concludes the volume. We can hardly imagine a more useful work for the Catholic controversialist; but we should wish to see it placed as extensively as possible in the hands of persons like the author himself, who may have leisure to study this all-important question at the fountain-head.

6. Another very valuable contribution to the literature of the controversy will be found in Mr. Rhodes' *Visible Unity of the Catholic Church* (two vols., Longmans). The object of the writer is in the first instance to prove the necessity of a belief in the permanently visible unity of the Church, as against the more advanced Anglicans, who now maintain openly the theory of an invisible unity under outward

division. He then proceeds to examine into the reality of this supposed invisible unity, and shows the great unreasonableness of the supposition that Churches so divided on the most vital practical points as those of Rome and England can be in any sense really one. In a third division of his work, Mr. Rhode proceeds to discuss various historical points which are urged as instances in favour of the theory of invisible unity. The chief of these are the differences between St. Victor and the Asiatic Churches, the controversy between St. Cyprian and St. Stephen, the case of St. Meletius of Antioch, and the case of the Celtic Churches in Great Britain in the Saxon times.

Mr. Rhodes writes with great moderation and temper. His treatment of Dr. Pusey, with whom he has a great deal to do in his first volume, may be cited as an instance of this. A great deal of learned research has been brought to bear on the composition of these volumes, which elucidate many points which have not before been so fully handled by an English writer. Among them we may specially mention the difficulty raised by Dr. Pusey as to Extreme Unction, the history of St. Meletius, and the whole question of the Celtic Churches, to which the second volume is almost exclusively devoted. We hope to have another opportunity of drawing more at large upon the very interesting collection of facts prepared for his readers by Mr. Rhodes.

7. A new work from the veteran Father Perrone is always acceptable to theological students. It is certain to reflect in the most faithful and genuine manner the mind of the Church on the subject of which it treats. Father Perrone has no "hobbies," no venturesome views of his own, we may almost say no peculiarity except that of the most genuine Catholic instinct, which enables him to shun peculiarities. His present work is on the Divinity of our Lord (*De Divinitate D. N. Jesu Christi. Adversus hujus ætatis Incredulos, Rationalistas, et Mythicos.*) It is perhaps startling to find that, at the end of a long and most useful life, this eminent theologian should have to defend a truth which is the very central one of the whole system of Christianity. So, however, it is. The real point of attack for the false teachers of our day, the one great fact which pulverises and annihilates their teaching, is the Godhead of Jesus Christ. Pantheism and Rationalism, in their various forms, are based on the denial of this, and, with it, of the whole supernatural order, and thus one truth rightly apprehended will not only heal the intellectual diseases caused by these systems, but will certainly lead in the end, with all logical minds who have time to reach the legitimate issue of the argument, to the acceptance of the whole Christian faith as taught by the Catholic Church.

Father Perrone's work, which we receive too late for full notice in our present number, consists of three parts, in the first of which the argument is drawn from the Old Testament, in the second from the New Testament, and in the third from the institution and history of

the Church and of the Supreme Pontificate. The argument from the Old Testament is given at unusual length. The last volume, however, which contains the argument from the Church, is the part of the work which will perhaps receive the greatest attention, as striking more perfectly home at the evils of our day. The whole history and phenomena, so to speak, of the Church form one continued fulfilment of the pregnant prophecy, in action and in word, contained in the scene near "the parts of Cæsarea Philippi," when St. Peter confessed the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and received from Him in return the promise that the Church should be built on him, against which the gates of Hell should never prevail, and that he should have given to him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. The fulfilment of this prophecy, the foundation of the Church on Peter, his constant witness in it to the Divinity of Christ, and its indefectible resistance to all the assaults of Hell, form a new and marvellous proof of the doctrine of that Divinity; and the double aspect of the Church, as she is considered either in her whole extent or in her visible Head, furnishes the ground of the twofold division of the argument which we have already mentioned.

8. Dr. Molloy, Professor of Theology at Maynooth, has written an extremely useful little book on *Geology and Revelation* (Longmans, 1870). It contains a clear popular account of the ascertained conclusions of geological science, which account is then fairly and candidly contrasted with the inspired statements as to the creation of the world contained in the book of Genesis. The first part of this work is very ably done. Dr. Molloy does not claim the rank of a discoverer or of a theorist in geology, but he has fully and lucidly summed up what may be considered as certain with regard to the crust of the earth and its history. In the second part of his task he is moderate and judicious. He explains the two theories—not, of course, incompatible the one with the other—by which the evidence of geology is brought into harmony with the statement of Moses. The hypothesis of an indefinite lapse of time between the creation of the world and the first Mosaic "day" is perfectly tenable, and the same may be said of the other theory, which considers the six "days" of creation as long and unequal periods of time. In either case the Mosaic record is safe from contradiction with any known facts. The further ingenious theory by which the succession of geological formation, as ascertained by observation, is brought into harmony with the successive "days" of creation according to Moses, is fairly set forth, and shown to be easily defensible, though liable to some few objections.

Dr. Molloy was led to the study of geology by the apparent difficulties raised by that science against the accuracy of the Scripture text. He tells us that another great head of objection, that namely of the apparent evidence of the great antiquity of man upon the earth, has also engaged his attention. We earnestly hope that he will be

encouraged to deal with this great question also in the same spirit and manner as with that of geology.

9. There are tastes and fashions about Missals and Breviaries as well as about everything else, and it is probable that nearly every possible variety of shape and size has been already tried, and has found some admirers. We are ourselves old-fashioned enough to think that few modern Breviaries are more pleasant for use than the old "Plantiniana" in four volumes, with its large bold type, its dislike of references, which send the reader from one end of the book to the other, and its warmly toned paper, free from the glare which accompanies the extreme whiteness affected by modern paper-makers. But the old Breviaries have the obvious disadvantage of requiring Supplements, and they omit many Offices which are not to be found in modern Supplements, having been for some time incorporated in the body of the *Proprium Sanctorum*. Moreover, there is a great advantage, in some cases, in a single volume. The difficulty for those who like large type is to find a one volume Breviary suited to their needs. This want can no longer be said to be unsupplied. M. Marietti, of Turin, so famous for his Missals and Office Books, as well as for other Catholic publications, has produced a one volume Breviary that must satisfy the most fastidious. Its size is about equal to that of one volume of the old quartos. It is very handsomely and very accurately printed, and on very good paper. The price, moreover, is very moderate. Altogether, a more complete and useful Office Book could hardly be imagined.

10. The revival of literature in England after the coming of the Normans, confined as it necessarily was to the great monastic houses, was felt at St. Albans in 1077, on the appointment of a monk of Caen to be Abbot. To him and to his successors in the following century we owe the formation of a library, which in course of time was enriched by Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris with historical writings that soon became popular, and are now famous, having happily escaped the destruction in which so many monuments of learning and piety were involved in the sixteenth century. An edition of Matthew Paris was published by his namesake Matthew Parker in 1571. In this our author met with very unjustifiable treatment. Sir F. Madden describes Parker's text as "unfaithful and worthless," a verdict which he substantiates by extracts compared with the texts of the MSS. With this—the "Greater Chronicle" of Matthew Paris—we are not now concerned; but with the *Historia Anglorum*, written immediately after the completion of the larger chronicle, and now edited from the one complete MS. extant. This MS. has passed through many hands, having been used by Walsingham and Thomas Rudborne in their compilations (1419—1440), passing to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln (1480); Polydore Vergil (1517); John Skewys (1520); John

Bale (1550); Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel (1563); Lord Lumley, (1580); and James I. (1609). Since the last date it has remained in the Royal collection, and was presented with it to the British Museum in 1757. Here it lay unnoticed for the greater part of a century, until Mr. Stevenson in 1836 called attention to it in his valuable edition of Gray's *Scala Chronica*, and Mr. H. O. Coxe in 1844 printed a portion of it in a supplemental volume to *Roger of Wendover*. From this original MS. of the author the present edition is printed (*Matthæi Parisiensis, monachi Sancti Albani, Historia Anglorum: sive, ut vulgo dicitur, Historia Minor, item ejusdem abbreviati chroniconum Angliæ*. Edited by Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., keeper of the department of manuscripts, British Museum. Three vols. Longmans. 1866-69); corrections of doubtful and obscure passages having been made from copies of the "Greater Chronicle" and *Roger of Wendover*, which were used in its compilation. These are fully described in the latter part of Sir F. Madden's Preface to the first volume.

The author's Prologue contains a reply to those who undervalue history, quoting Aristotle, Seneca, inspired, theological, and historical writers in reproof of those who carry out the principle of "letting bygones be bygones" a little too far. Beginning with the coronation of William I., whose reign occupies a comparatively small space, the history is carried on with fulness and minute detail through the reigns of the following sovereigns to 1253. Contrasting this simple chronicle with modern histories of England, it is interesting to notice the greater freedom from "insularity" with which the elder author, like others of his period, has written the history of his country. It is true indeed that the Crusades, for instance, and other events whose field of action is wider than those of the British Isles, and in which the results are not confined to those produced by British hands and heads, gave Matthew Paris opportunity for tracing causes and effects in a larger circle than that whose circumference includes only English land and Englishmen; but his history as a whole is written by one who felt and knew that he was united by something stronger than political ties with all the Christian nations of the earth. In England itself he seems to have visited many principal places, and on important occasions. At Canterbury he witnessed the translation of the body of St. Thomas, and at another time saw the four sapphires offered at his tomb by the King of Jerusalem. At Westminster he attended Henry III. on his marriage with Alienor of Provence, and in 1247 took notes of a sermon of Bishop Grossteste on a relic carried in procession at the celebration of the Feast of St. Edward. A little before this time he had negotiated some delicate affairs, which resulted in a mission to Norway in 1248, from which he returned in the following year; and in 1251, while with the Court at Winchester, he obtained an authentic account of the proceedings of the Pastoureaux in France. In the autumn of the same year he visited Hayles in Gloucestershire, when the Earl of Cornwall was present at the dedication of the



church founded by him. The marriage of the King's daughter with Alexander II. took him to York in 1252; and in 1257 he had several interviews with the King when on a visit to St. Albans. Two years later this active-minded and industrious man, having laid aside his pen some few years previously, was himself represented by a fellow-monk reclining on his bier; a portrait that fitly closes the manuscript on which so much unaffected learning and industrious research had been spent.

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*The Financial Position of the Holy See.*

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WE find in the current number of the *Revue d'Economie Chretienne* a paper drawn up by M. de Corcelles for the Comité du Denier de St. Pierre at Marseilles, on the financial and political situation of the Holy See. The great interest of the subject to all true Catholics, the great authority of the writer, and the clearness with which he explains the question before him, make it a matter of importance that this report should be circulated as widely as possible. Catholics in general are thoroughly alive to the duty incumbent upon them to support to the utmost of their power the Holy See in the present crisis of its existence, and they have come forward to do this all over the world in a way that shows their loyalty to the throne of St. Peter. But the circumstances of the case remind us of what has often been said, that Catholics are so accustomed to see Providence take care for the needs of the Church in a wonderful manner, that it is not easy to persuade them of the imminence of any danger, or of the crying nature of any necessity which calls imperatively on them for special exertions. Every one knows the iniquitous manner in which Rome has been treated by the (so called) Italian Kingdom. History records no more flagrant instance of barefaced mendacity and the open contempt of every right and every pledge. The perpetrators of the spoliation seemed to have revelled in shame, and to have almost gone out of their way to give assurances for the mere luxury of trampling them under foot. Every one is also aware that the attitude of the Government of Victor Emmanuel, itself not seldom on the point of bending to the Revolution, has, even at the best of times, been such as to make the position of Rome anxious and precarious. Every one knows, also, that the Holy See has never been able to rely implicitly upon the protection which has been accorded to it by France, and that it has in consequence been under the necessity of making what provisions lay in its power for the defence of the slender territory still remaining

to the Church out of its own resources. These facts make the position of Rome entirely exceptional and exceedingly anxious, and the anxiety which they create must be shared by all those who value the immense interests which are involved in the independence of the Church of Christ and in the security of the person of the Supreme Pontiff and of the Holy City. And yet, as we all know, year after year has passed on and tranquillity has reigned at Rome. Year after year the waves of the Revolution have hung, as it were, suspended in mid air, ready to break over her and yet held back as by some invisible power. Danger has never been distant, but danger has always been beaten back. Once, in the campaign of Mentana, a few hours only saved the Holy See from the invasion of the Roman States by the Italian army, whose advanced guard under Garibaldi was, it is understood, to have been allowed to plunder Rome. But here, again, "wickedness lied unto itself," and the projected plan issued in the discomfiture of the brigand force and the bitter humiliation of the robber Government at its back. So it has been all through, and we have got to consider it as a certainty, to ensure which needs no exertion on our own part, that Rome, if always threatened, is to be always safe. And, to come more closely to the subject of this paper, we have come to take it for granted that, in some wonderful way or other, the finances of the Holy See are to be always able to bear the unusual and utterly disproportionate strain to which they have of late years been subjected, and that the long predicted bankruptcy which the enemies of Rome have been fondly anticipating, will be averted year after year in the same way as the hordes of Garibaldi have been defeated.

The history of Roman finance for the last few years is in the highest degree honourable to the Government of the Holy Father. No other State in the world would have maintained its engagements, after the spoliation of 1860, with the same unflinching courage and the same invincible integrity. M. de Corcelles enables us to take in at a glance the history to which we allude. It must be remembered, in the first instance, that the period of years which ended in 1859 was one of great exertions issuing at last in financial success. The Revolutionary Government of 1848 had done what all such Governments always do, and what it is very often the chief object of their members to be enabled to do—that is, it had squandered the public treasure, seized the coin in circulation for itself, flooded the market with paper money, and left as its one great achievement, besides a number of profanations and assassinations, a beggared exchequer and an enormous public debt. When Pius IX. returned from Gaeta he had to meet this state of things, and he could not meet it, as many other Sovereigns would have met it, by a repudiation of the "assignats" of the Revolution. But the restoration of credit and prosperity to their former level taxed severely the resources of the Pontifical States during the ten years which ended in 1859. By that date, however, the work was done; the waste and expense of the Revolution had been made good,

some forty-two millions of francs of paper money had been called in, and a metal currency substituted. The revenue had risen from sixty-six millions of francs in 1850 to more than eighty-nine millions in 1858; in nearly the same period the product of indirect taxation had increased by more than twenty-one millions, though there had been reduction in the tariffs. Deficits had gradually disappeared; in 1858 there was a slight surplus.

In 1859 and 1860 the period of invasions began, which reduced the State from a population of more than three millions to one of seven hundred thousand. The ordinary revenue of the State now fell to about thirty millions, less than half what it had been in 1850. At the same time it became more than ever necessary to maintain the army on a footing that might make it adequate to the defence of the five remaining provinces against foes that could never be bound by any obligations, however solemn, save those of their own interest, and the Government of the Holy Father was still, as before, obliged to provide for the heavy expenses incidental on its position as the centre of the Catholic world, in constant and active operation upon every portion of the Church. More than this: the chivalrous honour of the Roman Government obliged it to pay the interest of the National Debt, though contracted when its provinces had been four times as numerous, and for the benefit of all alike, and it also charged itself with salaries and pensions for officials formerly in its service in the "annexed" provinces, and dispossessed by the intruding power. For eight years it paid the whole interest of the Debt. It will be easily understood, therefore, that deficit succeeded to deficit, and that, but for extraordinary exertions, the situation would long ago have been entirely hopeless.

M. de Corcelles gives us the following statement of the deficits for the last ten years:—

1859.....	12,696,000 francs.
1860.....	32,474,000 "
1861.....	22,757,000 "
1862.....	25,722,000 "
1863.....	24,289,000 "
1864.....	26,947,000 "
1865.....	28,861,000 "
1866.....	33,152,000 "
1867.....	34,000,000 "
1868.....	48,312,000 "

Total.....289,210,000 francs.

To this sum must be added some extraordinary expenses not included in the calculated budgets for the last years of the period, amounting in all to 18,513,000 francs. The whole deficit, therefore, amounted to 307,720,000 francs.

To meet this, the Holy See has had certain extraordinary resources which, up to the end of 1868, enabled it to make good its position. It received—

	Francs.
1. By sale of stock and loans.....	200,593,000
2. By "Peter's Pence," 1861—1868.....	71,161,000
3. Payment by the Italian Government (through the French) of its share of the interest of the debt (for the annexed provinces)—1867.....	16,920,000
Arrears for eighteen months .....	20,642,000
For 1868 .....	16,920,000
Total .....	326,236,000
Deduct deficits .....	307,723,000
Balance .....	18,513,000

This slender balance, however, will have been absorbed by the expenses of 1869. The budget of that year, like all its predecessors, showed a large excess of expenditure over income. The income from all sources was reckoned at 30,471,000 francs, and the expenses (that part of the interest of the debt provided for by the Italian payment being *deducted*) amounted to 60,574,000 francs. The deficit was therefore 30,103,000 francs, against which we have to set the 18,513,000 francs already mentioned. It is probable, however, that, as a matter of fact, the remaining 11,590,000 francs have been made good by contributions from the Faithful received during the past year. The prospect for the future, however, is anything but promising. The greater part of the fund by means of which the deficits have been covered—the sale of stock and loans—has now been exhausted, and there is no more tangible security on which further means of this kind can be raised. The expenses of the future budgets, under existing circumstances, cannot be less than those of the late budgets, and the ordinary income cannot be increased. But the ordinary income, as we have seen, amounts to about half of the necessary annual expenses.

A new loan is apparently out of the question. The loans contracted by the Pontifical Government before 1866 were generally at the moderate rate of six per cent. for the money received. The last, however, negotiated by Mr. Blount, realised only 38,100,000 francs for a capital of 60,000,000, at the rate of five per cent. for the nominal capital. This was nearly at the rate of eight per cent. Another loan on the same conditions would only cover immediate needs by adding greatly to the debt and to the annual interest to be paid thereon. Moreover, the only security that could be really engaged for the payment would be the annual income derived from "Peter's Pence." Setting aside other objections to this, it is found that the loans and the Peter's Pence interfere with one another, and very naturally. Again, the external security of the Holy See would require to be more assured than it is before a new loan could be negotiated on favourable terms. Rome once made perfectly safe, and the annual contributions of the Catholic world increased and made regular, the relief of a loan would be more possible than it is.

In the paper on which we are drawing so largely, M. de Corcelles considers the question of possible reduction in the Pontifical expendi-

ture. It is interesting to have a clear statement of the actual amount of the annual cost of the much-abused Government of the Pope. The whole expenditure reaches, as we have seen, 60,574,000 francs—less than two millions and a half of our money. More than a third of the whole is spent in paying the interest of the debt, and in pensions (21,337,000 francs). Somewhat about a fourth of the whole, 15,098,000 francs, goes to the army. The remainder is thus divided. What we should call the civil list amounts to 9,700,000 francs (£388,000). To this we add, for the sake of brevity, 6,610,000 francs for the "Service de l'Interieur." These two sums defray the expenses of the Pope himself, the allowances of the Cardinals, the representatives of the Holy See at the several Courts, the Secretariate of State, the Pope's guard, the various departments of the Government, the Courts, the police, prisons, hospitals, roads, navigation, and public works in general, the museums and libraries, universities, academies, schools, charitable institutions, public monuments, guests, and a number of other miscellaneous items. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Nuncios, and other diplomatic representatives, the Secretary of State and his officials, as well as the Swiss Guard and the museums and libraries of the Vatican, are all supported for the moderate allowance of £136,000 a year—a sum surpassed by the income of any one of our richest noblemen. The expenses of the administration and collection of the revenue are very large in proportion—7,829,000 francs. This is apparently inevitable. The only item that could be largely reduced is that of the army, which is out of all proportion with the income of the State. This is the measure of the expense inflicted upon the Holy See partly by the ambition and perfidious character of the Florentine Government, partly by the hesitation of the Catholic Powers to express once for all in unmistakable terms their resolution to guarantee the absolute inviolability of the Pontifical territory. The practical insecurity of Rome has already cost some fifty millions of francs, which might perfectly well have been spared, and if it were exchanged for security, the military expenses might at once be reduced by ten millions of francs annually.

Such a diminution of the deficit would still leave it at the formidable sum of 20,000,000 francs. The only available source from which the supply of the deficiency can be looked for is the charity and devotion of the Faithful. Let us see what these have hitherto done for the Holy Father. M. de Corcelles tells us that if we put together the support that has been accorded him *in every form* during the last ten years—including the sale of stock, the loans, and the Peter's pence—we have a sum of 271,175,000 francs. This sum, however, is attained, as we have said, by reckoning money *lent* under various forms to the Holy Father as money *given*. The clear annual amount of "Peter's Pence" has been rather more than seven millions of francs. It is remarkable, though not astonishing, that the amount of this offering year after year has varied exactly in accordance with the greater or

less peril of the Holy See. "In 1861—comprising in that year the last months of 1860, that is, during and after the invasion—the Peter's Pence produced 14,184,000 francs. In 1862 the French and Pontifical troops seemed to set a limit to the flood of invasion. There was consequently a feeling of security, and the Peter's Pence sank to 9,402,000 francs. For the same reason it fell more than two millions in 1863, and in 1864 had got so low as 5,802,000 francs. At that time was made the Convention which undertook to arrange the Pontifical debt, and people thought that the charges on the Holy See had become a mere affair of diplomacy, and that there was no longer the same call for the subscriptions of the Faithful. But in 1867, the first great meeting of the Bishops called together at Rome, and the invasion which followed immediately upon it, once more roused the provident attention of Catholics, and the Peter's Pence went up again to 11,312,000 francs, a sum which they about equalled in 1868."

M. de Corcelles looks to the regular organisation of the fund of Peter's Pence as the best relief for the pressing necessities of the Holy See. It is well known that three years ago the French Government proposed that the Pontifical deficit should be met by the Catholic Powers, and that the offer was declined by the Pope, because he could not become the pensioner of the European Governments without compromising his authority. Since that time various plans have been mooted for meeting the difficulty in a way less objectionable, such as the division of the capital of the debt among the Powers, instead of the assumption by them of the discharge of its interest. M. de Corcelles remarks that a fund created for the purpose of cancelling annually a certain portion of the debt would have great advantages. At the present price of the Roman stock a million of francs of the debt might be cancelled every year, and fifty thousand francs of interest saved, by the payment of 666,000 francs annually.

In whatever way, however, the deficit may hereafter be met, it is certain that the question must soon assume a very urgent importance, and that the best and most honourable resource of the Holy Father in his financial difficulties will always be in the devotion and affectionate solicitude of his spiritual children throughout the world. In order that that solicitude should be assured, a clear statement of the facts as they stand is above all things necessary. For this reason we attach the importance which we do to the paper of M. de Corcelles, the chief points of which we have tried to set before our readers, and we venture to express the hope that the Catholic press in general will unite with us in giving to his statements the widest publicity in their power.

H. J. C.





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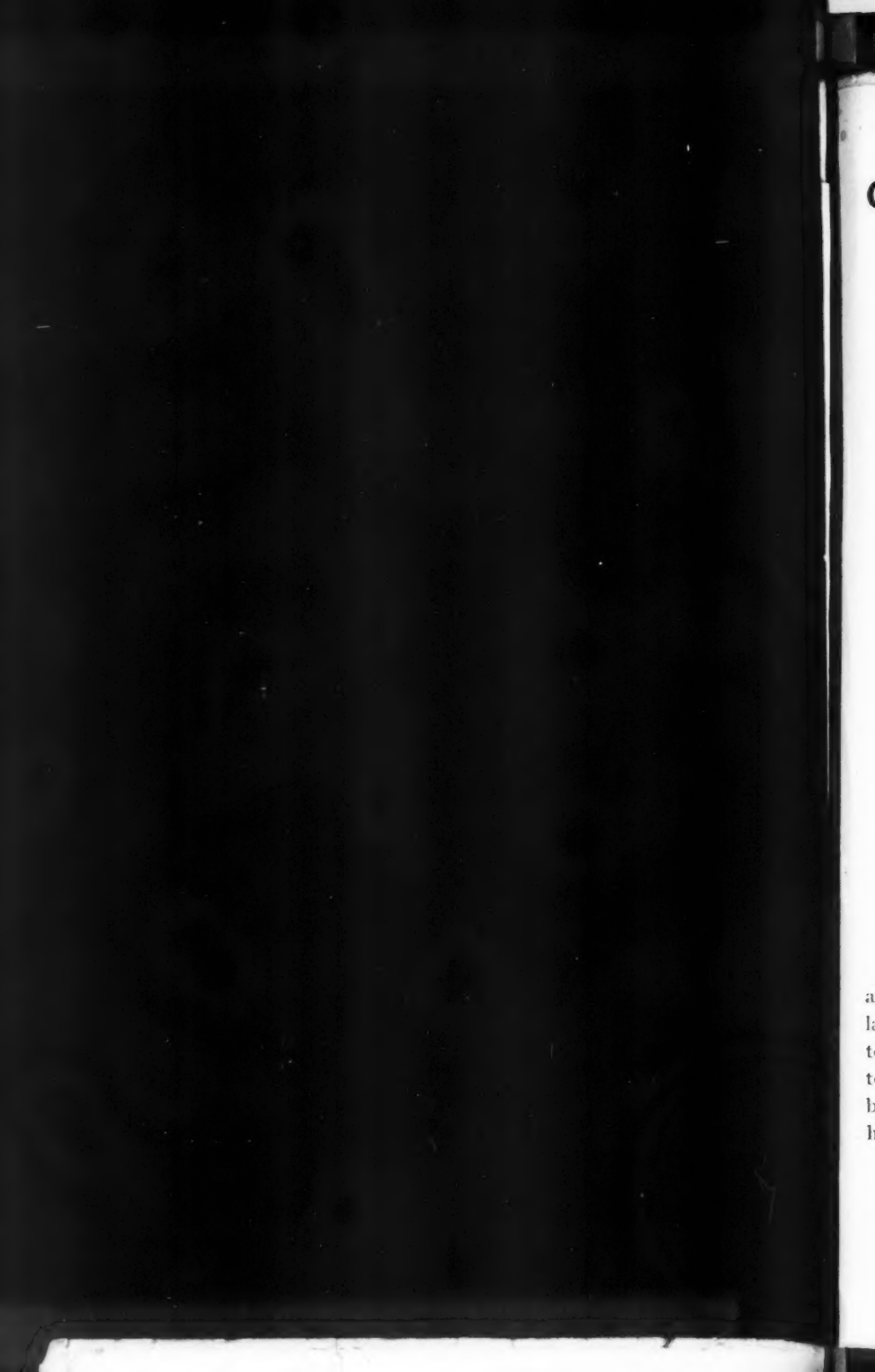
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FEBRUARY, 1870.

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